

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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### THE HERMIT ABROAD.

(Literary Gaz.)

#### FEMALE ECONOMY.

‘YOU have no reason to complain of my expensiveness,’ said *la belle Eugénie* to her fond but confounded husband; ‘no lady in Paris goes so simply dressed as myself; no cachemires of a thousand or two thousand crowns value (her husband looked affrighted!) no ball dresses to last but one night; no lace veils, the price of which would pay a year’s rent; nor do I even, like the Countess of Clarion, require a pair of silk shoes and two pair of gloves daily; shoes once a week suffice for my unambitious dress, and I can make a pair of gloves do twice; besides I do not ruin you either by the jeweller’s bill or the change of the furniture of our house yearly, or oftener; four times a week satisfies me of public places; I never gamble, and my ordinary attire is a gown of coloured cotton or muslin *à l’Anglaise*, and a white one when more dressed; one hat or bonnet lasts me eight or ten days; in short, Auguste, you know not how to appreciate a good and saving wife (here she panted, and he looked fond;) and it is a pity that you have not Madame Grandpre for your wife, who would spend your small fortune for fans and feathers only—(a pause)—do something worse to you besides! He rubbed his forehead.

‘Dear Eugenia!’ cried her contrite partner, ‘never more will I reproach

you, I am convinced that you are right’—(here he sighed;) ‘I only regret my small means, and see that a young man should not venture upon matrimony without an ample fortune; a pretty woman, (Eugenia smiled) must be dressed at least neatly, and it is not a trifle which can afford even that style in these extravagant times; they, not thou, sweet one, are to blame, nor should I have offered a word of complaint did I not find myself terribly in arrear this last half year, and could I account for the *deficit* in any way but by the numerous bills of dress-makers, merchandes de modes, shoemakers, laundresses, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, (Eugenia smiled contemptuously.) ‘Twenty-one gowns in a year!!!’ continued he. —‘Ay,’ replied Eugenia, ‘at a paltry twelve or twenty francs each.’—‘The making, Eugenia, perhaps two Napoleons each, (Auguste’s colour increased;) the getting up, or washing,’ added he, ‘five or six francs each (he elevated his eye-brows,) to be worn,’—‘Only once, you simpleton.’—‘And,’ observed he, ‘then you scarcely dare to sit down for fear of discomposing flotans, volans, falls, flounces, and falbalas.’—‘What of that?’—‘Why nothing; then again, twenty-four francs for a pocket-handkerchief, and the cartloads of fichus and linen which go to your blanchisseuse, with whom you

quarrel every week, as also with your ironing woman, who alleges that one of those *cheap* dresses takes her a whole day to get up.—‘To be sure’—‘and a whole day for you to wear,’ ironically cried the suffering husband. ‘Why surely you would have me go clean!’ tauntingly added madame. ‘Well, love,’ concluded Auguste, ‘I have no objection, but it certainly *cleans* out my coffers.’—‘Why did you marry then?’—‘True, darling, I was wrong, but we will go on quietly as long as we can.’—‘How seldom do I require silks and crapes!’ observed the lady, ‘or new jewels, or costly entertainments at home, or—’ Here he tried to stop her, but the female tongue is not thus suddenly controlled,—‘do I, like our neighbour, break your rest by late hours?’—‘No, dove.’—‘Or break your heart by flirting with the men?’—‘No, dear.’—‘Or’—‘Kiss me, my dear Eugenia, you shall have it all your own way, try to be as economical as you can.’—‘Nobody can be more saving,’ answered she. Her husband resumed, ‘Don’t be out of temper, I will go out and try to borrow a thousand crowns upon my country-house, and (he looked fondly) I only regret that I’m not richer.’—‘Stuff,’ exclaimed his wife; ‘and (saluting him tenderly) if *thou* dost borrow the money, thou wilt buy me an *amazone* (or riding habit,) and let me get that great bargain of lace; recollect that it is only second-hand, and will be sold at a third of its value.’—‘*Comme tu voudras*,’ meekly replied the fortunate husband. They embraced, exchanged the adieus of the eyes, and parted. The husband proceeded to a Jew’s, and his fond spouse went out to purchase an embroidered trimming *cheap* and simple, as she styled it. How different from lace or artificial flowers. Happy Auguste, to have such a moderate wife!

With this scene in my view (for I happened to be present at it,) I began to reflect on the subject deliberately. Eugenia’s style of dress was truly ‘*simplex munditiis*’; she had not a dozen of ornamental combs worn in turn in her glossy hair; her fingers moved gracefully with only two rings

on each hand, instead of being in the unbending armour of sixteen circles composed of all the gems, and set in a most expensive style; she preferred flowers to jewelled tiaras and to birds of paradise, to ostrich and other proud and nodding plumes; she was not ruinous in perfumes, baths, waiting-women, boudoir furniture, and boxes at the theatre, and yet—

“Take her all in all,”

she cost poor Auguste a pretty round sum annually; the very simple gown lasted a very short time, and was soon *worn* and *washed* out; it might have been said of these dresses,

“*Materiem superabat opus* ;”

for these light articles of humble price were corded and festooned, trimmed and ornamented up to such a pitch, that the *matter* was the *least* of the affair, and the manner *all*. To purchase such a piece for a gown was a trifle, but before it was fitted to the elastic form which was to grace it, the bill swelled to a most fearful yet imperceptible expense. Suppose, for instance, a printed cotton or muslin of fifteen francs, what a bagatelle; but then, to trimming twenty-five, making ditto, ditto; three washings eighteen francs, and it then was only fit for the *femme de chambre*. These little articles too, so often repeated, must have a little effect on the revenue of the happy man who has to pay for them. For *cheapness* and *simplicity*, a man might as well purchase a bed of straw, and, when bought, adorn it with a cambric covering, and overhang it *daily* with a chintz pattern curtain.

But far be it from me to deprive the fair sex of their neat and humble toilet! my intention is merely to convince the marrying swain that the provisions necessary for a wife are many. When a man has got his bride to support, he must not forget the milliner, the mantua-maker, the florist, the jeweller, the attendant, nor even the clear-starcher and *blanchisseuse*, who will aid madam in *making head* against him (no pun or improper allusion is made to the front, and much less an affront;) and whilst the splendid, high-born dame’s claims come *en gros*, he

must not forget that an humbler partner has her *detail* expenses, which are like the numerous items of an attorney's or an apothecary's bill. Happy, thrice happy, the wedded he who can answer all these demands; and who, being previously aware of them, has nothing to suffer from surprise, inability, or female upbraiding; whose well-stocked purse dreads not these ambush attacks, and whose even mind and temper can meet the lengthy weekly, or monthly account (*annualls* suit the great alone;) or

"Vires acquirunt eundo,"

a man of retired habits, and long accustomed to order, regularity and calm, would be completely overturned by such surprises: as to the unworthy writer, they would be death to him. Yet let it be well understood, that this *exposé* is not meant as a *preventive*, but merely as a *caution* to those who, of social habits and light spirits, may not wish to be a solitary, a recluse, or even

A WANDERING HERMIT."

(Blackwood's Mag.)

### HINTS TO JURYMEN.\*

**T**HE ever popular subject of "Hanging" furnishes another highly meritorious chapter.

The authors are of opinion, decidedly so, that the immediate cause of death, in the case of a hanged man, is *suffocation*. There has been a great deal of dispute as to this matter among medical writers lately, and, if we may presume to offer an opinion, it is not yet settled. Dr. Paris admits, however, that there are often other injuries besides that of stopping the breath; as for example, *Pressure on the Vessels*—which is thus discussed.

"1. *Pressure on the Vessels*.—The red and living hue of the face of persons killed by hanging, very naturally induced a belief that *Apoplexy*\* was the immediate cause of death; while it is evident that the pressure on the jugular veins must necessarily so prevent the return of blood to the heart, as to produce an accumulation in the vessels of the brain. Dr. Hooper has a preparation of the brain of an executed criminal, in which blood is seen extravasated among the membranes; and various other cases have occurred, where dissection has clearly demonstrated the existence of those vascular congestions and sanguineous effusions, upon which apoplexy is supposed to depend; but this merely goes to prove that apoplexy occasionally takes place from hanging; it does not establish the fact of its being the common cause of death on such occasions. Gregory made the following experiment to shew that it is to the interception of air that death is to be attribut-

ed: After having opened the trachea of a dog, he passed a slip knot round the neck, above the wound; the animal, though hanged, continued to live and respire, the air was alternately admitted and easily expelled through the small opening; but as soon as the constriction was made below the orifice, the animal perished. Mr. Brodie hanged a dog, and as soon as it became insensible, the trachea was opened below the ligature, upon which he breathed, and his sensibility returned.

"2. *Pressure on the Nerves of the Neck*.—Although the pressure of a ligature on the nerves of the neck cannot be considered as the immediate cause of death in hanging, yet Mr. Brodie has very justly observed, that if the animal recovers of the direct consequences of the strangulation, he may probably suffer from the effects of the ligature upon the nerves afterwards. Mr. Brodie passed a ligature under the trachea of a Guinea-pig, and tied it tight on the back of the neck with a knot; the animal was uneasy, but nevertheless breathed and moved about; at the end of fifteen minutes the ligature was removed; on the following morning, however, the animal was found dead. On dissection no preternatural appearances were discovered in the brain, but the lungs were dark and turgid with blood, and presented an appearance similar to that which is observed after the division of the nerves of the eighth pair; I do not, observes Mr. Brodie (*Manuscript Notes*), positively conclude, from this experiment, that the animal died from an injury inflicted upon the nerves of the eighth pair, but I think that such a conclusion is highly probable; and it becomes an object of inquiry whether a patient having recovered from hanging, may not, in some instances, die afterwards from the injury of the *par vagum*.

"3. *Fracture of the Spine and Dislocation of the Neck*.—The death of a hanged person may occasionally take place by the

\* This was the opinion of Boerhaave and Morgagni. M. Portal also coincides with them, and observes that the examination of the bodies of executed criminals formerly carried to him at the *Jardin des Plantes* for his lectures, has confirmed him in this idea.

\* Concluded from p. 81.

luxation of the cervical vertebræ, and the consequent injury of the spinal marrow; this effect will be more likely to happen in heavy persons, and where the culprit suffers on a drop that precipitates him from a considerable height. It is said that Louis discovered that of the two executioners in Paris and Lyons, one dispatched the criminal condemned to be hanged by luxating the head on the neck, whilst those who perished by the hands of the other were completely strangled.

"An animal, when first suspended, is observed to make repeated but ineffectual attempts to inspire; violent convulsions of the whole body then ensue, but which are not to be considered as the indications of suffering, for they arise in consequence of the dark-coloured blood having reached the brain and spinal marrow; and the animal at this period is necessarily insensible; hanging does not occasion a painful death.

"The lips, nose, and all those parts in which the hue of the blood can be observed, exhibit a dark colour; the countenance is distorted, the eyes protruded, and frequently suffused with blood, the tongue is also forced out of the mouth, and sometimes wounded, although it has been observed that this phenomenon will entirely depend upon the position of the rope, for that when it presses above the thyroid gland, the tongue will be pushed back, in consequence of a compression upon the *os hyoides*, whereas, if the pressure be applied under the *cricoid* cartilage it will have the effect of thrusting out the tongue. Blood is sometimes discharged from the ears. The fingers are usually bent, the nails blue, and the hands nearly closed; and the whole physiognomy exhibits a highly characteristic appearance.

'But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man,  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

*Henry VI. Part ii. Act iii. s. 2.*

The master of our authors, M. FODORÉ, is a great deal fuller as to this subject. It would appear that it has been a very common thing in France, for criminals to recover after being hanged; and he has been enabled from their reports, to prove distinctly, that of all deaths there cannot be a more easy one than that of the gibbet. We make no apology for turning to Fodoré's work and translating a few paragraphs, which we wonder the English authors before us did not embody in their own work.

"CASALPIN," says M. Fodoré, "affirms, that he had been informed by se-

veral men who recovered their life after execution, that the moment the knot was fastened they fell into such a stupor, that they were sensible to nothing whatever of what followed. Wepeter, talking of a man and a woman who had also survived the gibbet, says, that the woman remembered nothing at all, and was in all respects like one that had suffered and revived from a stroke of apoplexy; and that the man who *could* tell something of what happened, only said, that he felt not the least pain after the noose was drawn, but remained entirely deprived of sensation, just as if he had been cast into a deep sleep." Morgagni also speaks of a man who had not been thoroughly hanged; and who told him, that "for a moment he saw some blue lights dancing before his eyes, and then instantly lost all feeling and sense, the same as if he had been buried in the profoundest slumbers." Lord Bacon tells an anecdote about this matter, not less interesting than singular. He knew, personally, a gentleman, who took a strong fancy for ascertaining whether hanged men did or did not suffer a great deal, and who made the experiment on himself. Having put the cord round his neck, he leaped from off a low stool, which he had thought he could easily recover again at pleasure; but the instant deprivation of all sense rendered this impossible. It would have ended tragically, but that a friend came accidentally into the room and cut him down ere it was too late. This strange curiosity satisfied him, however, that that species of death involves no pain whatever."—M. Fodoré goes on to tell a story of his own, in every part similar to this of Lord Bacon's. A fellow-student of his hung himself up one day after dinner, that he might satisfy his medical curiosity as to the fate of the *pauvres pendus*. Luckily, he too was cut down, and he told precisely the same thing with the English gentleman.—"He had seen a glimpse of something dazzling, and been conscious of absolutely nothing more."

As to the most likely means of recovering in such cases, our English authors agree with Fodoré, that every

thing hot and stimulating ought to be tried; the body warmed, and air introduced into the lungs. As for bleeding, that, in general cases of asphyxia, is useless; but is absolutely necessary in hanging where blood has been forced into the brain. The jugular ought to be cut—and Fodoré tells a sad story of a half-hanged monk, who opened his eyes, and even spoke some words in a rough hoarse voice, and who would, in all probability, have done well after hanging, but for the timidity of some of his reverend friends; that would not suffer him to be bled in the bold style the case required.

Then comes the great question which once so deeply interested our late worthy friend Deacon Brodie.

“There can be no doubt but that by making an opening in the trachea, below the ligature, death might, in some cases, be prevented, provided the neck were not dislocated, nor the weight of the body very considerable. Richerand says, that a surgeon of the imperial armies, whose veracity cannot be questioned, assured him that he had saved the life of a soldier by performing the operation of laryngotomy some hours before he was executed.

“Dr. Male\* states, that it was tried on one Gordon, a butcher, who was executed at the Old Bailey in the early part of the last century; the body having hung the usual time, was removed to a neighbouring house, where a surgeon waited to receive it, and enforce every means calculated to restore animation; he opened his eyes, and sighed, but soon expired; the want of success was attributed to his great weight; but we apprehend that, if the statement be correct as to his opening his eyes and sighing, the failure must have depended upon want of skill in the operators. We have yet to notice those cases of spontaneous recovery which have taken place after execution, and which are too well authenticated to admit of doubt; upon this point we would observe, that such results by no means militate against the accuracy of the physiological views which have been already presented to our readers. Whenever such a recovery occurs, the strangulation has never been complete, and feeble motions of the heart have been preserved by imperfect and occasional respirations, during the interval of suspension; this may depend, in a great measure, upon the situation of the noose; if placed at the side of the neck, it would be pulled tight by the weight of the body; but if at the back of the neck, it would be far otherwise. John Smith, who was executed at Tyburn on the 24th of December 1705,

was cut down in consequence of the arrival of a reprieve, nearly fifteen minutes after he had been turned off, but is said to have been recovered by venesection and other means. Governor Wall was a long time in the act of dying, and it was subsequently discovered that this was owing to an ossified portion of the trachea resisting the pressure of the rope. But the most extraordinary instance of this kind, and one well authenticated, is that of Margaret Dickson, of Musselburgh, who was tried and convicted in Edinburgh in the year 1728, for the murder of her child; her conviction was accomplished by the evidence of a medical person, who deposed that *the lungs of the child swam in water*; there were, however, strong reasons to suspect the justness of the verdict, and the sequel of the story was well calculated to cherish a superstitious belief on the occasion. After execution, her body was cut down, and delivered to her friends for the rites of interment; it was accordingly placed in a coffin, and sent in a cart to be buried at her native place, but the weather being sultry, the persons who had the body in charge stopped to drink, at a village called Peppermill, about two miles from Edinburgh; while they were refreshing themselves, one of them perceived the lid of the coffin move, and uncovering it, the woman immediately sat up, and most of the spectators ran away with every sign of trepidation; a person, however, who was in the public house immediately bled her, and in about an hour she was put to bed, and by the following morning, was so far recovered as to be able to walk to her own house, after which she lived twenty-five years and had several children.”†

We should apologize for introducing a story so familiar to ourselves as this of the famous “half-hangit Maggie Dickson;” but we fear the rising generation are but moderately skilled in that and many other matters that interested their fathers; therefore let Maggie Dickson pass, *cum ceteris*. No doubt she will figure *in alt.* in some of Mr. Odoherly’s promised and expected “*Hora Patibulanæ*.”

Of all the mass of subjects treated in these volumes, the most interesting, however, is that of the means for dis-

† By the Scottish law, in part founded on that of the Romans, a person against whom the judgment of the Court has been executed, can suffer no more in future, but is thenceforward totally exculpated; and it is likewise held, that the marriage is dissolved by the execution of the convicted party. Margaret Dickson then, having been convicted and executed, as above mentioned, the king’s advocate could prosecute her no farther, but he filed a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the Sheriff, for omitting to fulfil the law. The husband of this revived convict, however, married her publicly a few days after her resuscitation; and she strenuously denied the crime for which she had suffered.

\* Elements of Juridical or Forensic Medicine.

covering whether such a person found dead has been murdered by another's hand, and by whom. We earnestly recommend this branch of the work to the deep consideration of all magistrates. Sir Alexander Gordon discovered a murderer in Kirkcudbright by the very same artful devices, the application of which has since been made familiar to all the world, by the author of *Guy Mannering*. We now proceed to quote a few detached fragments from this part of our author's book.

"A very satisfactory instance of the same kind occurred to the author of the present work, during his residence in the county of Cornwall; and he feels no inconsiderable satisfaction in reflecting upon the train of circumstances, through which he was enabled, by his evidence at the assizes of the county for 1814, to secure the conviction of the murderer. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and the relation of it is well calculated to illustrate the great importance of the particular line of investigation, which it is the object of the present chapter to elucidate. For these reasons he is induced to compile from his notes the following brief sketch of the case. A Cornish peasant, engaged in attending upon the light-house on the western coast, was found dead in a field near the public road leading from Penzance to the "Land's End," on Sunday, December the 12th, 1813; he was lying in a dry ditch, with his stick at a little distance from him; one of his shoes was down at the heel, and both were smeared with mud: his pockets were empty. The body was taken to a public-house in the village, and the Coroner having received notice of the occurrence, an inquisition was taken, and the verdict of wilful murder returned against some person or persons unknown. The body was afterwards buried, but a rumour having arisen that the anatomical inspection had not been sufficiently minute and satisfactory, it was, by an order of the magistrates, disinterred; and the author was desired to assist in the further investigation of the subject. Upon examining the body, which had not yet advanced so far in putrefaction as to obliterate the traces of violence, or to confuse the appearances they presented, patches, arising from extravasated blood, were seen in different parts of the throat, and distinct abrasions corresponding with the nails were visible; the face presented the physiognomy of a strangled man. On the chest, bruises, evidently occasioned by the pressure of the assailant's knees, were also noticed. Upon dissection the brain was found excessively turgid with blood. The rest of the organs appeared in a perfectly healthy, and natural condition. It is

worthy of remark, that the field in which the deceased was found contained several shafts of abandoned mines; upon visiting the spot the author observed tracks in the grass, as if it had been scraped, proceeding in a direction from the hedge next the public road to that in the opposite part of the field, and under which the body was found; near the former hedge also some fragments of a glass bottle were discovered. The deceased, it appeared, had been at Penzance for some medicine, and it was proved that he had left that town, on his way to the light-house, with a phial in his pocket. All these circumstances combined, placed the matter beyond conjecture. He had evidently been strangled, probably at the spot where the glass fragments were found, which were undoubtedly the remains of his phial, broken during the scuffle; besides, it would appear that he had been dragged along the field from this spot to the opposite hedge, for marks denoting such an act were visible on the grass, and this received farther confirmation from the condition in which the shoes of the deceased were found. Who then committed the murder? From the circumstance of its having been perpetrated in a field containing several old mines, without any attempt on the part of the villain to avail himself of the advantage which these caverns would have afforded for the concealment of the dead body, the author was convinced that the perpetrator of the deed would be found in some stranger to the country, for such a one alone could be unacquainted with the mines to which we allude. The suggestion of this idea very naturally gave a direction to the line of inquiry. Were any suspicious strangers in Penzance or its neighbourhood? Had the deceased been seen in the society of any person unacquainted with the country? He had been seen, it was discovered, playing at cards in a public-house with some of the privates of the artillery stationed in the Mount's Bay, amongst whom was a very powerful and athletic Irishman, of the name of Burns, who had lately landed, and immediately enlisted into the corps. Burns was accordingly arrested on suspicion, when the purse of the deceased containing thirty shillings was found on his person. He was, moreover, unable to shew where he was at the time the deceased left Penzance, in the evening; and he was subsequently recognised by two witnesses who had seen him accompanying the deceased on the road towards Land's End. It is only necessary to add that he was convicted and hanged; and it is not the least satisfactory part of this case to state, that on the evening previous to his execution he confessed to the author, that all the circumstances of the case occurred precisely as we have stated, that he strangled his victim with a pocket-handkerchief, but that from the difficulty of completing the act, he was compelled to press his knees upon his chest."

Another of the same kind occurs a few pages lower down.

"In Hargrave's State Trials there is a very remarkable instance of a woman who was found in bed with her throat cut, and a knife sticking in the floor near her; three of her relations were in an adjoining room, through which it was necessary to pass to the apartment of the deceased; the neighbours were alarmed, and the body was viewed; these relations declared she must have destroyed herself; but, from a particular circumstance, they were suspected, and found guilty of the murder; for, on the left hand was observed the bloody mark of a left hand, which, of course, could not be that of the deceased. How often has the left hand\* of the murderer betrayed his deeds of blood!"

The following is also in the same chapter.

"In the year 1764, a citizen of Liege was found shot, and his own pistol was discovered lying near him; from which circumstance, together with that of no person having been seen to enter or leave the house of the deceased, it was concluded that he had destroyed himself; but on examining the ball by which he had been killed, it was found to have been too large ever to have entered that pistol; in consequence of which, suspicion fell upon the real murderers. The wadding of the pistol has also in several instances offered the means of

affixing the accusation on the guilty. The Lord Chancellor, in a debate in the House of Lords, in November 1820, quoted a very curious case, in which the wadding of the pistol was found to correspond with a torn letter in the possession of the murderer."

We believe we have now exhausted our limits. We conclude with once more calling upon all magistrates and jurymen, to put themselves in possession of a work, a close acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary for the former, and would be most desirable in the latter. Will the authors pardon us for suggesting, that with a view to the country circulation in general, and the Scotch readers in particular, their book would be much improved by the omission of all these long charters, &c. of the London medical bodies. Much better fill up the same space in the next edition with some more of M. Fodoré's facts. But indeed, we think, even after this book a translation of Fodoré himself would be very acceptable: and should imagine some young man of intelligence might amuse himself advantageously with such a job during the summer months.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Lit. Gaz.)

### GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"GOOD bye, Dick!" said an elderly lady—one foot on the step of her carriage, her left hand hold of the body, and turning half round, her right hand extended to a bold, handsome-looking gentleman in a radical hat. I am no physiognomist; but I love to trace the goodness of the heart when 'tis pictured in the countenance. I know a man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain;" but I'd rather have a feeling of benevolence and harmony for all human nature, than one grain of splenetic animosity. However here

there could be no deception; 'twas plain matter-of-fact—an index, and no errata. There was something, too, so very expressive in the lady's countenance—it was a look that cannot be described; like the sun bursting through a shower—mingled pleasure and grief. The remains of beauty were visible in her face, or rather it was beauty still, though differing from her youthful day of frolic mirth, resembling a calm evening after a lovely noon. "Good bye, Dick!" said she; "I shall take an airing again this way before long. Good bye!" The hands were disjoined, she entered the carriage, and the parties disappeared. "Who is that gentleman?" said I to one of the old dolphin-strikers that stood *century* at the door. "That gemman, Sir," replied the veteran, "is Sir

\* In the case of Patch, who was left-handed, it was clearly shown by the relative position of the deceased, and the door from which he was shot, that the murderer must have exposed his person to the view of the deceased, unless he fired with the left hand. The guilt of Patch was for some time doubted, but the discovery of the pistol in the neighbouring dock a few years ago, has supplied the only link that was wanting to make the evidence against him complete.

R—— K——, our Commander-in-Chief, and a worthier fellow never stepp'd 'twixt stem and stern. This is his cabin—his house I mean. He is a sailor, Sir, and that's saying every thing. But I'm on duty, and mustn't stand speechifying: yet if you wants to know any thing about him, I often sees you here—Ax for Tim Bobstay, and I'll—yes, I'll give you a spell.”—“Thank ye, Tim, thank ye, my worthy soul, I'll take you at your word.” So he shoulder'd his thing-hum-he (all-but I think they call it,) and stood as erect as a fathom of smoke.

A group of old blades were assembled on the terrace, cutting their jokes and gabbling like wild geese on a common. I stole among them, sat down, and pulling out a book, appeared to be reading with profound attention. “Then you know nothing about it,” roared an old rough knot in a laced coat and cocked-up hat. He had left his left arm in the Mediterranean when he lent a fist to thrash the French out of Acre, under Sir Sidney Smith. But that was nothing; he never could be persuaded that it was placed upon the right shoulder, and this did away with the argument. One of his legs too had danced itself off while leading up the middle at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; moreover his starboard eye had sunk into his head, as he used to say, to search for his brains, but it threw no light upon the subject.—“Then you know nothing about it; Sir Sidney had both a head and a heart, and when alongside of the enemy, would hammer away like a coppersmith. Bless his honest face and his curly wig!—he was none of your fantizzymagoria sort of fellows; and now you'se put me up, I'll e'en sit down and give you a curious antidote about him. D'ye see he had his flag flying in the Foudroyant, at the time the Portugeese court nutmegged to the Brazils—homograted I mean—and took French-leave of their country. We brought up in Port Praya at St. Jago's, one of the Cape Verds, and after the usual salutes and *bon bons* the Admiral went ashore to dine with the Governor. Well, he was ushered into the salloon,

and introduced to a stranger dress'd in deep black, who had been landed some days before from a Yankee schooner, to collect plants for bottom-me I think they calls it. After introduction, Sir Sidney whispered his Head-to-come, and the officer immediately withdrew. So, d'ye see they sat down to dinner. Well, just as the disheart was set upon the table, in comes the Officer again, bringing with him the Captain of Marines. The Admiral rose from his seat, turned round, and and pointing to the gemman in black, said, ‘Captain H——, you'll consider this person in your charge.’ Then changing his position, he slued round:—‘General,’ said he, ‘see how fortune changes here; I was your prisoner once, now you are mine.’ It was an officer of the French army, who had guarded Sir Sidney when in prison in France, and was now acting as a spy. Well, d'ye see, the Admiral brought him aboard, and they mess'd together like good friends till we arrived at Rio Janeiro, when he was delivered up to the Portugeese government, and then—it makes my ould heart thump against my ricketty timbers to think of it. He was a fine fellow; and though our brave Admiral tried every means to save him, yet he was condemn'd to labour in the mines for life. I'd rather be flogg'd at any time than have my grog stopt; and I think death must have been preferable to that constant sickness of heart arising from hope deferred, as our poet the loblolly-boy used to say. The whole ship's company pitied him; he was our enemy, to be sure, but then he was in our power. Howsomever I arn't much skill'd in the knowledge of that ere idol that so many people worships, called Polly-ticks. My old girl Bet can wash a shirt or sow on a button with any she-goddess in the world, and so can I for matter o' that; and I'll make a sea-pie or cut out a pair of trowsers with the Queen of She-bear any day of the week—and Solomon says she was no fool either. Once more, and then I'll belay. The boats were all ashore at Port Praya watering. Some on you have seen the militia of the island—them as parades the beach with a bag-a-nit stuck on a

mopstick, and a cutlash without a scabbard hung by a strip of green hide; and then there's a whole troop of Light Dragoons mounted on Jerusalem ponies. Well, d'ye see, one of these fellows drew his sword and made a cut at the cock-son of the lanch;—it fell on his head; but Lord bless you, he might just as well have tried to cut into this stone! Flint and steel always strike fire, and he was a precious hot-headed joker; so what does he do but claps the soldier, Rustynante, accoutrements and all into the boat, and takes him alongside with the casks. The hands were turned up, clear-boats—'twas just dusk—the tackles were overhauled down, and the falls manned. 'Mind how you clap on the slings that the butts don't slip out,' said the First Lieutenant. 'Aye, aye, Sir.'—'Hook on, and not so much noise alongside. You've been foul of the hoggy-dent\* again.' 'Silence, I say again! Haul

taught!—hoist away!' Away danced the men, the fifers playing Drops of Brandy. 'Well behaved, men—this butt's not full—it comes up very light!' roar'd the Lieutenant, advancing to the gangway—'What the deuce have we got here, St. David and his goat? High enough!—high enough!'—and indeed it was a high rig, for what should it be but the Royal Horse-guard, regularly mounted on his donkey, swinging aloft by the main-yard tackle 'twixt heaven and ocean, in an awful state of suspense. *Hwngwgggh—Hwngwgnwgggh—* (there's no vowel in the bray of an ass) roar'd Jack, while the trooper joined chorus most melodiously till he was safely landed on the deck. The Cockson laid his complaint; and the Officer, thinking the fellow had been sufficiently punished, sent him ashore again, advising him in future to have nothing to do with sharps, for it was a comical thing to fall into the hands of

\* Aquædente; a powerful liquor.

AN OLD SAILOR."

# ON THE ART OF SINGING SONGS.

(New Monthly, Sept.)

**G**OLDSMITH, I think, says he seldom heard a young man attempt to sing in company without exposing himself; and it is too true that, owing to various causes, few people of any age can sing a song without grieving their friends. Yet, songs are the delight of mankind. Among ruder nations they are employed to animate heroism or to express sentiments for which common language is too poor; and among people of the greatest refinement they often make an important part, or, as it were, the completion and consummation, of social enjoyment. Old gentlemen, who used to sing, are always delighted to find that vocal music is not yet extinct; old ladies, who used to be sung to, at, or of, are reminded by a skilful voice of the days when they and the world were young and happy; middle-aged people of the smallest pretensions to feeling, both men and women, love a song; and the young, who like pleasure in every shape, never object to it in this its most harmonious and seduc-

tive shape of all. There is no part of the country in which singing is not held in estimation. In the southern counties of this island, from the moisture of the air and the fatness of the soil, singers are not abundant, but singing is, perhaps, prized the more on that account. In the central parts, and generally on what is called by geologists *London gravel*, a voice is more common, but scarcely less admired. In the eastern parts, among marsh-water, reeds, willows, wolds, and rabbit-warrens, singing is a patent of nobility; whilst in Yorkshire and other wild parts of the country it is considered a very exalted proof of gentle breeding;—but among the mountains of Wales, in the glens and by the river sides in Scotland, in the depths and passes of the Highlands to the very remotest parts, and in every nook and corner of Ireland, singing is valued to a degree which less romantic people, and those who live in the plains, must strain their faculties to understand. The Welsh

themselves sing tolerably, but with a certain monotony peculiar, I think, to mountaineers, and which haunts you too in Scotland, and is painfully recognised in the long-drawn and twanging close of an Irish ditty. The natives of Scotland, to speak without partiality, do in general sing in a manner unutterably frightful; but then you occasionally meet some fair-haired lovely woman in that country, one who might personate the loveliest heroine of Scottish poetry or the Scottish novels, who sings you into the third heaven. The Irish, strange to say, though exquisitely endowed with taste, and excelling on instruments of all kinds, and passionate to excess in all their feelings, are very deficient in vocal music; inso-much that it was acknowledged, in all the four provinces of that kingdom, that one great advantage of the exchange of militias was the importation of singers and songs from England. The French have some of the prettiest songs in the world, if they knew how to sing them; their street-singing is exquisite; and it is a fine thing to hear a whole regiment of their dragoons—officers, sergeants, corporals, privates, “pioneers and all,” singing, as they are wont on a march, some grand national air; but on ordinary occasions their nasality is absolutely alarming, and they sing, as Rousseau used to say, as if grievously afflicted with the cholera. As this is not intended to be a treatise on music, it is unnecessary to go on to Italian singing. My present object is to treat especially and particularly of domestic, festival, and after-supper singing,—an art little known on the Continent, but much cultivated in many parts of this country.

I suppose no man who has ears to hear will deny that singing is a great advantage to any man. People are often supported through all the formalities of reception at an evening party, and endure all the meagre hospitalities of the occasion, and the arrangement of the card-tables, and the intense heat, and the abortive attempts at sprightly and continuous conversation, and all that must be undergone on these occasions, for hours, in the hope of hearing some vocal gentleman sing a favourite song

at last: and as singers are every where scarce, the singing gentleman is feasted, flattered, coaxed, seduced from the whist-table, and, above all, entreated by all the lovely voices and faces in the room to sing *that sweet song* which he sung at Mrs. So and So's. Blushing, and delighted, and palpitating, he seems averse to begin, when, in fact, his heart pants for that breathless silence of sweet tongues, without which no man of any vanity can venture, in cold blood, to begin a cherished and valued song. At last the general pause takes place, and that sun-flower conversion of all eyes upon the singer, during which even those who hate him must force their faces into an expression of delighted expectation. This is a moment fatal to the inexperienced, but to a practised and familiarised singer worth six weeks of common existence. Dinner companies also are occasionally collected together, of which, unfortunately, ladies form no part; and after a certain hour in the evening, there being no summons to the drawing-room, a good song is worth its weight in gold. How delightful it is in such circumstances to find that a man who has been sitting next to you, and who ate heartily and drank freely, but was withal heavy, mute, and unimaginative, starts at once into a delightful companion, and, whilst he sings at least, is as good as the rest of the company! To say the truth, however, this seldom happens: the true singer, the man with a voice of various power, and with well-chosen songs, is a man of soul and feeling, and talks as much or more than the other guests: every thing interests him; a thousand things affect him; and what an advantage has such a man, at an hour when the party feels little interest in any thing, and can scarcely be roused by any thing, when eloquence itself is powerless, when wit is exhausted, all activity of mind at an end, and all the softer affections in a state of lethargy, who, by the simple power of his voice and by the aid of song, can call up from the depths of sleepiness all the lively feelings of his hearers, and can kindle them into enthusiasm or soften them into sentiment as he chooses. This the singer can do

with ease ; for he is master of a divine art which can throw enchantment over much that would be otherwise mean and insignificant. With what complacent and reviving countenances do the people turn to him ! with what reanimated and glistening eyes regard him ! acknowledging the mighty supremacy of his harmonious and irresistible accomplishment. There are, besides such things as supper-parties, *petits soupers* of agreeable people, nearly exploded, it is true, in the economical rage for those unsocial and lower-extremity fatiguing things called Stand-up suppers, but still in existence, after which a song is always desired, often requested, and ever received as a favour of the highest value. And what a reward it is for a singer to behold the glowing faces round the table, all their bloom called forth by good eating and drinking, and all eyes fixed upon *him* proving that there is still an ungratified desire of pure and celestial harmony, a longing after that minstrelsy, which is one of the things in which we excel the beasts that perish ! How pleasant is it to see the gentlemen drinking the delight of singing and their wine at once, and still more to see the females, who refuse the wine, actually intoxicated with a song ! Other occasions there are, particularly in mountainous and romantic countries,—long nights of revelry, in which every man sings who can, and every man who cannot sing makes a noise. There are moments of earthly existence, yet more precious, in which a song may sway or soften a heart, and bless the singer beyond the power of words or even of songs to express.

Enough has been said to prove the value of a voice. It remains to be told what are the requisites for a domestic, festival, or after-supper singer ; what kind of songs he should sing on different occasions and at different hours ; and in what manner he should sing them ; subjects involving many particulars and of the highest interest.

He who aspires to the character of a social singer, and would sing with comfort and credit in private parties, must possess, 1st. A voice. 2d. A considerable share of modest assurance and

presence of mind. 3d. Excellent wind. 4th. Good taste in the selection of his songs. 5th. Good understanding, that he may know what he sings. 6th. Imagination and passion, that he may feel what he sings. A public singer may be destitute of all these qualifications except the first and second, and yet by the direction of others, by management and by imitation, may pass very well ; but no man can be a good private singer without them all. His voice must be powerful, that it may be heard, that it may affect, that it may move, that it may overpower ; yet not too loud, lest it should annoy, and torture, and distress, and deafen. He should be able to sing boldly and freely, but no less able to sing faintly, sweetly, and as it were dyingly. By an excellent *wind*, it is not meant that he should merely be able to sing "*voce magna et bonis lateribus*," for every carpenter can do as much but that he should have that power, that compass and variety, that height, and breadth, and depth of voice, which may no less express every pathetic feeling, than every manly sentiment, avoiding the boisterous extreme on one hand and contemptible whining on the other. There is great art in commencing a song in the proper key ; yet cleverness in that particular is indispensable, otherwise the singer seems to be running a race or paying a penalty, rather than singing for amusement. Time should be ordered not by *beating* it, for that is unpardonable, but by favouring the expression in such a manner as to excuse any liberties that may be taken in this particular. The singer must cunningly profit by every sentimental pause to collect his scattered breath ; yet this should be done without gasping as the tragedians do, without that perpetual winking of both eyes, so commonly affected among public singers, and without any ungentlemanly effort or straining. Nothing hurts a singer so much as not thinking well enough of himself. He should know his own value, and sing upon it ; without overrating either his efforts or his merit. If he fancies his sounds are never to be forgotten, he is mistaken ; and he may be assured, let him sing as well or as ill as he choo-

ses, his song will soon be thought of no more. But it behoves him to cast out all fear and trembling, to begin calmly, collectedly, courageously; let him be spirited where he ought, and insinuating where he may, but let all be done coolly and with something of dignity, so as to seem to say that, however delightfully he may sing, singing is rather the result of his other accomplishments than his only excellence.

The selection of songs is a very important point, for which no intelligible rules can be given which do not presuppose taste, judgment, and discrimination. I do not mean merely the selection according to the composition of the audience, for that is a matter in which the common sense of men will commonly guide them safely; but the disposition and arrangement, especially where, as will frequently happen, there is only one singer in the company. Let the singer beware of that fault ever committed by ladies who perform, albeit superlatively, on the pianoforte, who, to the destruction of ears and the ruin of the fine mechanism of the nerves, will go on playing one piece after another in the same style and time until men who hate music have an opportunity of rejoicing over the tortures of those who presume to think they admire it. Let him rather consider the disciplined art of bands of military music, which ever intersperse airs of different measure and expression; now a solemn march, and now a spirited and enlivening strain. This is the great secret of making a musical-party productive of pleasure; and the neglect of it the true and only cause of all the trouble of the entertainers being generally productive of weariness and pain to their visitors as well as themselves. This rule being kept in mind as regards singing, it is only necessary to avoid singing such songs as, for private or public reasons, nobody present can sympathize in. I remember the officers of a marching regiment being invited, when at Yarmouth, to dine on board the admiral's ship, on which occasion the gentlemen of the navy were much distressed by the incredible length and monotony of some old fighting songs of some persevering old captains, and the officers of

the land-service were exceedingly disturbed by a succession of sea-songs retorted upon them by their most vociferous entertainers. In general, in a mixed company, there are some who sympathize with songs of both these descriptions, but a succession of either is a proof of the worst possible taste. In the same way, four or five love-songs, or four or five Scotch songs, or four or five Irish melodies, are very afflicting; besides that the style of songs ought to depend, not on professional feelings or personal attachments, but on the style of the voice; a matter in which many singers grievously offend. There are men of great gravity who have the misfortune to think themselves pleasant in a comic song: I know a country gentleman, with a most effeminate throat, who is sadly addicted to hunting-songs; and another, whose voice would command attention at the Westminster-hustings, who is never so happy as when he is demolishing some simple ballad or soft and plaintive ditty. Men of this mistaken taste have a great aversion to *solos*: whatever they hear well sung, they fancy they could sing well; and to prove it, they make choruses where none are intended, and, with the best intentions in the world, drive a sensitive singer to the brink of insanity.

It is the custom of some singers always to put forth their best song first; but these, if they go on, please less and less as they proceed: others too cautiously husband their best song so long that it is never asked for at all. The best song, and every man who sings has his best, should be sung not the first nor yet the last in the evening: it may more properly be placed second; always remembering that the first song, which it is my advice be a short one, be of so sweet and enticing a character that it may become the sure cause, of the second being asked for; *then* the singer may give full scope to his genius, then

"With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,"

he may *extasiate* his audience, and then if he has any power, that power will assuredly be deeply felt.

I must be allowed to add a few words

on eating and drinking, in that particular point of view in which they affect singing. No prudent man should sing on an empty stomach ; for that is a laborious and a gainless occupation. Singers should live well : the best singers I have known in my time were all remarkably alert with a knife and fork ; and I could indeed give very scientific reasons for the action of the lungs being thereby facilitated. Let the singer breakfast without fear ; and if the time seems to pass but heavily, let him afterwards divert his leisure with a kind of rehearsal, for the memory is often most capricious on the subject of songs, and nothing has a more miserable effect than a song, like

"Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle,  
Begun and broke of in the middle."

In this pleasing occupation the hours will glide smoothly on till dinner time. Let the singer make a valiant dinner, but let him never forget, that if eating be vitally essential to singing, drinking drowns the voice altogether. Let him not listen to the advice of men who, secure in the notorious discordance of their own sounds, would tempt him on and on by their example, with hollow assurances that "he will sing the better for it." Let him believe me and confide in me when I assure him, that any thing beyond a very few glasses of wine is fatal to all the softer notes of the voice, and productive of a hoarseness and untunableness which will be death to his ambition : I mean after dinner, with a prospective view to singing in the drawing-room : for as regards the time intervening between supper and that oblivion which a good companion wishes to avoid, no rules are required. Let him remember also that tea may be as overwhelming to his voice as wine : I recommend one cup of coffee, but no tea : your great tea-drinkers have a nervous tremulousness in their voices which I can detect through the whole of the first song. It is unfeeling to ask a gentleman to sing at an evening-party before the entrance of the refreshments, and yet more cruel to ask him to begin before their complete departure from the circle. Those who, with voices "unconscious of a

song," wish their company to perform, should consider these things ; they should regulate the heat of their rooms by Fahrenheit's thermometer ; they should invite neither too many nor too few to give sound every advantage which the dimensions of the apartment are calculated to allow ; they should have the instrument well tuned, carefully observing that it is not too loud, for nothing gives a singer more sincere distress than to find himself engaged in an unworthy competition with keys and wires.

Considerable difference of opinion has long existed respecting the superior agreeableness of singing with music or without ; it is a question which will probably long continue to divide, not the hearers only, but singers themselves. Music helps and shields even an indifferent voice, and one great advantage of singing to music is the necessity it involves for the singer to stand ; for, although a sitting posture is insuperably pressing to the voice, and utterly destructive of expression, except where the singer accompanies himself ; yet to stand up voluntarily, without music, is what few dare attempt. Altogether, I cannot bring myself to advise it : it has reason and sense on its side, but what are reason and sense in a matter wherein the foolish, who are ever the felicitous majority, may find subject for empty laughter the following morning ! To sing well indeed without music requires a master ; there must be no tricks in such a performance ; no dropping of notes ; no smothering of sounds ; no evasion of difficult parts : all must be clear, fair, audible, and dexterous. On the whole, perhaps the most equitable conclusion we can come to is, that a good singer should be able to sing either with or without an accompaniment. In this department there is much yet to be done. I have often thought that if I could be taught the mere mechanical part of composition, I could devise such spirit-stirring accompaniments to some of my favourite songs, particularly to those of an heroic or patriotic cast, as would be productive of an effect altogether unknown to modern times.

(New Mon. Sept.)

## THE MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.\*

THE citron groves their fruit and flowers were strewing,  
 Around a Moorish palace, and the sigh  
 Of summer's gentlest wind, the branches wooing  
 With music through their twilight-bowers went by ;  
 Music and voices from the marble halls,  
 Through the leaves gleaming, midst the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling  
 To blend with fragrance in those silent shades,  
 And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,  
 And lights, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd maids ;  
 And thus it flow'd ;—yet something in the lay  
 Belong'd to silence as it died away.

" The Bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling  
 To leave the chamber of her infant years,  
 Kind voices from another home are calling,  
 She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears !  
 Now must her dark eyes shine on other flowers,  
 Her bright smile gladden other hearts than ours !  
 —Pour the rich odours round !

" We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing,  
 Love still goes with her from her place of birth,  
 Deep silent joy within her heart is springing,  
 For this alone her glance has less of mirth !  
 Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years,  
 Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !  
 Now may the timbrel sound !"

Know'st thou for whom they sang the bridal numbers ?  
 —One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more !  
 One whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,  
 Nor Love's own sigh to rose-tints might restore !  
 Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread—  
 —Weep for the young, the beautiful, the dead !

September, 1823.

(New Mon.)

## THE LAST MAN.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time !  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The Earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around the lonely man !  
 Some had expir'd in fight,—the brands

Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
 In plague and famine some !  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
 As if a storm pass'd by,  
 Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go.  
 For thou ten thousand years  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shall no longer flow.

\* It is a custom among the Moors to sing the bridal song when the funeral of an unmarried woman is borne from her home.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will ;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day :  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
In pitying pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe ;  
Stretch'd in disease's shape abhorr'd,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire ;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—

Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark ;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark !  
No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—  
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mersey holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The dark'ning universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God !

Sept. 1823.

(Lond. Mag. August.)

POPULAR PREJUDICES AND SUPERSTITIOUS PECULIAR TO THE ESTHONIANS.

*Births, Deaths, Baptisms, &c.*

**P**REGNANT women, when they lay wood in a stove, take care not to put it in contrary to the direction of the branches ; this would influence the manner in which the child will present itself at the birth. --- When two pregnant women sneeze at the same time, it is a sign that they will have girls ; if the two husbands sneeze, it announces that they will have boys. --- Great care is taken not to tread on the feet of pregnant women, otherwise their children would have deformed feet and crooked legs. --- As soon as a woman after her lying in can sit at table, she is placed at the upper end, to procure the infant good treatment and distinction during its life. --- Nothing heavy must be placed on a child's head, which would impede its growth. --- The first thing a child lays hold of indicates his future inclinations ; the parents therefore place within his reach such thing as they wish their children to be engaged with in future. --- When a child is born at the latter end of the week, it is a sign that he will marry late, or not at all. --- When the clergyman comes to visit an sick person, they remark wheth-

er his horse holds his head up, or the contrary ; in the latter case they despair of the recovery of the patient. --- A funeral must never pass through a field, even if it is fallow. --- Many of the peasantry place near the deceased a brush, money, needles and thread, as so many necessary instruments to employ him in his long journey from this world to the other. --- On returning from a funeral, the hearse is not immediately brought under cover, but left for a time in the open air, that other members of the same family may not soon die. --- In some places food is put on the floor in a separate room, that the deceased may help himself. --- Others, holding a broom in their hands, evoke the souls of their deceased friends, and invite them to a feast ; and when they suppose the defunct to have eaten sufficiently, the broom is broken in token of their dismissal, at the same time desiring them not to tread upon the rye as they go away.

They have very particular ideas respecting the resurrection of the dead ; some do not believe in it at all. --- As they think that on the day of judgment

the churches will fall towards the north, they have great dislike to being buried on that side.

At the christening of a child, they observe whether it holds its head up or hangs it down. The former indicates robust health and a long life; the last makes them fear an early death. --- During the christening, the father of the child runs as fast as he can round the church, in order to secure to the infant the gift of agility and nimbleness. This custom is particularly in vogue among the inhabitants on the sea-coast, where this quality is more essentially necessary. --- They take great care not to have a christening soon after a funeral. --- The godfathers and godmothers do not look at each other during the ceremony; without this precaution, the infant baptized would be subject to troublesome diseases, and would have the alarming privilege of seeing spirits. --- Several parents fasten a ring to the child's linen, that he or she may marry early; others conceal money, bread, and garlic, in the child's garments, on the day of his christening. The two first ensure to him riches, and the last secures him from the power of witchcraft. --- They despair of the life of the child if he goes to sleep during the christening. --- The sponsors take care not to eat meat directly before the christening, that their godchild may not have the toothache, which otherwise would be perpetual. --- Parents who have had the misfortune to lose children in their infancy, often give to an infant the name of Adam or Eve, in the hope that the supernatural influence of these names will secure to the infant a long life. --- They avoid having their children christened on a Friday; Thursday, on the contrary, is a fortunate day. Many of them firmly believe that a child christened on Friday will become good for nothing, and will perhaps even perish under the hands of the executioner.

They have also a thousand strange and superstitious ideas relative to the Communion:—There are some who, after having taken the consecrated wafer, endeavour without being perceived, to take a part of it out of their mouth to use it for conjuring certain sorceries,

and producing certain supernatural effects. --- On the day of the Communion it is almost a general custom to drink to excess, under the persuasion that it will add to the efficacy of the sacrament which they have received. --- On the night after they have taken the Communion they sleep with a part of the clothes they had on, generally their stockings. On the same day they carefully avoid the use of tobacco, and do not go into the bath till many days after.

When it thunders, many country people believe that it is God pursuing the devil, and they shut their doors and windows with the greatest care, lest the evil spirit should take refuge in their houses. --- Others place two knives in the window, with the points upwards, to keep off the lightning. These latter do not suspect that they are such good natural philosophers. --- They regard with religious awe places and things struck by lightning; above all, stones which it has broken to pieces. Where such fragments are found, they believe that it was there the evil spirit took refuge when the hand of God struck him. --- Many believe the rainbow to be the scythe which the thunder makes use of to pursue the evil genii. --- Some fancy they can attract the wind from a certain quarter by holding up a serpent or a hatchet; and in the latter case, by hissing towards the quarter of the horizon from which they desire the wind to come. --- On New Year's Eve, if any noise be heard in the house which they cannot easily account for they are firmly persuaded that one of the family will die in the course of the year.

*Of Unlucky Days, &c.*

The fishermen who dwell on the coast of the Baltic never use their nets between All Saint's and St. Martin's; they would then be certain of not taking any fish through the whole year: they never fish on Saint Blaise's day. On Ash Wednesday the women neither sew nor knit, for fear of bringing misfortune upon the cattle. They contrive so as not to use fire on St. Lawrence's day; by taking this precaution, they think themselves secure against fire the rest of the year.

This prejudice of lucky and unlucky days has existed at all times and in all nations; but if knowledge and civilization have not removed it, they have at least diminished its influence. In Livonia, however, the people are more than ever addicted to the most superstitious ideas on this subject. In a *Riga Journal* (*Rigaische Stadtblätter*, No. 3657, anno 1822, edited by M. Sonntag,) there are several passages relative to a letter written from heaven, which is no other than a catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. This letter is in general circulation; every body carries it about him, and, though strictly forbidden by the police, the copies are multiplied so profusely as to increase an evil, all attempts to destroy which have hitherto failed. Among the country people this idea is equivalent to the doctrine of fatality; and if they commit faults, or even crimes, on the days which are marked as unlucky, they do not consider themselves as guilty, because they were pre-destined. --- The flight of certain birds, or the meeting of certain animals on their first going out in the morning, are in their minds good or bad omens. --- They do not hunt on St. Mark's or St. Catherine's day, on penalty of being unsuccessful all the rest of the year. --- Most of them are so prepossessed against Friday, that they never settle any important business, or conclude a bargain on that day; in some places they do not even dress their children. --- They do not like visits on Thursdays, for it is a sign that they shall have troublesome guests the whole week.

The care and preservation of their flocks are also a fruitful source of superstitious ideas. --- In some districts when the shepherd brings back his flock from the pasture, in spring, for the first time, he is sprinkled with water from head to foot, in the persuasion that this makes the cattle thrive. --- The malignity of beasts of prey is believed to be prevented by designating them not by their proper names, but by some of their attributes. For example they call the fox *hallkuhl* (grey coat;) the bear, *layjatyk* (broadfoot,) &c. &c. --- They also fancy that they

can oblige the wolf to take another direction by strewing salt in his way. The howling of wolves, especially at day-break, is considered a very bad omen, predicting famine or disease. In more ancient times it was imagined that these animals thus asked their god to give them food, which he threw to them out of the clouds. --- When a wolf seizes any of their cattle, they fancy they can oblige him to quit his prey by dropping a piece of money, their pipe, hat, &c. They do not permit the hare to be often mentioned, for fear of drawing it into their fields. --- To make hens lay eggs, they beat them with an old broom. --- In families where the wife is the eldest child of her parents, it has been observed that they always sell the first calves, being convinced that if kept they would not thrive. --- To speak of insects or mischievous animals at meal-time is a sure way to make them more voracious.

If a fire breaks out, they think to stop its fury by throwing a black hen into the flames. This idea, of an expiatory sacrifice offered to a malevolent or tutelary power, is a remnant of paganism. Various other traces of it are found among the Esthonians; for instance, at the beginning of their meals they purposely let fall a piece of new bread, or some drops of liquor from a bottle not yet begun, as an offering to the divinity.

It is very offensive to the peasants for any one to look long into their wells; they think that it will cause the wells to dry up.

When manure is carted into the fields, that which falls from the cart is not gathered up, lest mischievous insects and blights come upon the corn.

When an old house is quitted for a new one, they are attentive in noting the first animal that dies. If it be an animal with hairy feet, some fowl, for instance, there is mourning in the house; it is a sign of misery and bad success in all their undertakings.

These are the prevailing popular prejudices in the three Duchies; a great number of them, especially among the Esthonians, are connected with their ancient Mythology; others origi-

nate in that general weakness in the untaught mind, which seeks in strange practices a remedy for fancied future or actual present evils. The most enlightened nations are nevertheless full of prejudices. There are as many in the Rue St. Denis and the Marais, as there

are on the banks of the Duna and Lake Peypus.

In another letter I shall give some particulars of the ancient Religion of the people of the Baltic provinces, and compare it with Scandinavian Mythology. I am, Sir, &c. **COUNT DE BRAY.**

## **BIOGRAPHY.**

Lond. Mag.

**ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.**

**O**N the 19th August died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, in his 57th year, Robert Bloomfield, Author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c. &c. His constitution, naturally weak, had of late years become alarmingly impaired; every fresh attack left him still weaker; the last, it was feared, had he survived, would have fixed him in a state of mental aberration, to which himself and dearest friends must have preferred his death! Such is the brief announcement of the departure of one of those Heaven-gifted minds, not of every day growth; of a Poet, whose unassuming but undisputed claims raised him suddenly from obscurity to fame, from the pressure of penury to comparative wealth, and from mechanical toil to literary ease. Robert Bloomfield was born in 1766, in the county of Suffolk. He was one of six children of a tailor in middling circumstances, who was not enabled to give him more than a common education, for the acquirement of which he was indebted to his mother, who kept a school, and gave him all the instruction which she was able to bestow. He learned to read as soon as he could speak, and his mother having lost her husband, remarried when Bloomfield was not more than seven years old. At the age of eleven he was obliged to accept the menial office of a farmer's boy, to attend the workmen in the field. In the intervals of his labours, that native genius, which sooner or later bursts the bonds of slavery, led him to peruse such books as came

within his reach, and whatever newspapers he could obtain: even at that early age he wrote a small poem, which he sent for insertion to the Editor of the London Magazine, and had the pleasure of seeing it in print. He next turned his attention to poetry during the hours of relaxation from toil, and composed many pieces; even in the midst of his occupation; he had also a taste for music, playing very decently on the violin; his imagination, however, was heated with the fine descriptions which he had read in the Poets of celebrity, particularly Thomson; and, disengaged from the bustle and care of a city, he planned and executed his "Farmer's Boy," a work, which, as a descriptive poem, possesses original genius and a happy facility in composition. Robert married about this time, and entered into trade. His poem fell into the hands of Mr. Lofft, who revised it, and prepared it for the press, bestowed on the author his protection, printed it at his own expense, and wrote the preface. On its first appearance it was highly approved of, and passed through many editions in a very short time; it fully established the claim of the author to the title of Poet, and stamped his name with the honour of genius. Of all Bloomfield's published works, no volume has alone so much interest as his "Wild Flowers," which was dedicated to his only son, Charles. The Poet's last production is entitled "Hazlewood Hall," a Village Drama, in Three Acts; and the Preface is dated from the place of his dissolution, so recently as the 12th of April last.

## TABLE-TALK.—OLD AGE OF ARTISTS.

(New Mon.)

MR. NOLLEKENS

**D**IED the other day at the age of eighty, and left 240,000 pounds behind him, and the name of one of our best English sculptors. There was a great scramble among the legatees, a codicil to a will with large bequests unsigned, and that last triumph of the dead or dying over those who survive—hopes raised and defeated without a possibility of retaliation, or the smallest use in complaint. The king was at first said to be left residuary legatee. This would have been a fine instance of romantic and gratuitous homage to Majesty, in a man who all his life-time could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinction of ranks or even of persons. He would go up to the Duke of York, or Prince of Wales, (in spite of warning), take them familiarly by the button like common acquaintance, ask them *how their father did*; and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, “when he was gone, we should never get such another.” He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late Majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world, ignorant of that vast interval which separated him from every other man. Nollekens, with all his loyalty, merely liked the man, and cared nothing about the king (which was one of those *mixed modes*, as Mr. Locke calls them, of which he had no more idea than if he had been one of the cream-coloured horses)—handled him like so much common clay, and had no other notion of the matter, but that it was his business to make the best bust of him he possibly could, and to set about it in the regular way. There was something in this plainness and simplicity that savoured perhaps of the hardness and dryness of his art, and of his own peculiar severity of manner. He conceived that one man’s

head differed from another’s only as it was a better or worse subject for modelling, that a bad bust was not made into a good one by being stuck upon a pedestal, or by any painting or varnishing, and that by whatever name he was called, “*a man’s a man for a’ that*.” A sculptor’s ideas must, I should guess, be somewhat rigid and inflexible, like the materials in which he works. Besides, Nollekens’ style was comparatively hard and edgy. He had as much truth and character, but none of the polished graces or transparent softness of Chantry. He had more of the rough, plain, downright honesty of his art. It seemed to be his character. Mr. Northcote was once complimenting him on his acknowledged superiority—“Ay, *you* made the best busts of any body!” “I don’t know about that,” said the other, his eyes (though their orbs were quenched) smiling with a gleam of smothered delight—“I only know I always tried to make them as like as I could!”

I saw this eminent and singular person one morning in Mr. Northcote’s painting-room. He had then been for some time blind, and had been obliged to lay aside the exercise of his profession; but he still took a pleasure in designing groups, and in giving directions to others for executing them. He and Northcote made a remarkable pair. He sat down on a low stool (from being rather fatigued), rested with both hands on a stick, as if he clung to the solid and tangible, had an habitual twitch in his limbs and motions, as if catching himself in the act of going too far in chiselling a lip or a dimple in a chin; was *bolt-upright*, with features hard and square, but finely cut, a hooked nose, thin lips, an indented forehead; and the defect in his sight completed his resemblance to one of his own masterly busts. He seemed, by time and labour, to “have wrought himself to stone.” Northcote stood by his side—all air and spirit, stooping down to speak to him. The painter was in a loose morning-gown, with his back to

the light; his face was like a pale fine piece of colouring; and his eye came out and glanced through the twilight of the past, like an old eagle looking from its eyrie in the clouds.

It has been remarked that artists, or at least academicians, live long. It is but a short while ago that Northcote, Nollekens, West, Flaxman, Cosway, and Fuseli were all living at the same time, in good health and spirits, without any diminution of faculties, all of them having long passed their grand climacteric, and attained to the highest reputation in their several departments.

#### NORTHCOTE, THE PAINTER.

Of all the Academicians, the painters, or persons I have ever known, Mr. Northcote is the most to my taste. It may be said of him truly,

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale  
His infinite variety."

Indeed, it is not possible he should become tedious, since, even if he repeat the same thing, it appears quite new from his manner, that breathes new life into it, and from his eye, that is as fresh as the morning. How you hate any one who tells the same story or anticipates a remark of his—it seems so coarse and vulgar, so dry and inanimate! There is something like injustice in this preference—but no! it is a tribute to the spirit that is in the man. Mr. Northcote's manner is completely *extempore*. It is just the reverse of Mr. Canning's oratory. All his thoughts come upon him unawares, and for this reason they surprise and delight you, because they have evidently the same effect upon his mind. There is the same unconsciousness in his conversation that has been pointed out in Shakespeare's dialogues; or you are startled with one observation after another, as when the mist gradually withdraws from a landscape and unfolds objects one by one. His figure is small, shadowy, emaciated; but you think only of his face, which is fine and expressive. His body is out of the question. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the *naïveté*, and unaffected, but delightful ease of the way in which he goes on—now touching upon a picture

—now looking for his snuff-box—now alluding to some book he has been reading—now returning to his favourite art. He seems just as if he was by himself or in the company of his own thoughts, and makes you feel quite at home. If it is a member of Parliament, or a beautiful woman, or a child, or a young artist that drops in, it makes no difference; he enters into conversation with them in the same unconstrained manner, as if they were inmates in his family. Sometimes you find him sitting on the floor, like a school-boy at play, turning over a set of old prints; and I was pleased to hear him say the other day, coming to one of some men putting off in a boat from a shipwreck—"That is the grandest and most original thing I ever did!" This was not egotism, but had all the beauty of truth and sincerity. The print was indeed a noble and spirited design. The circumstance from which it was taken happened to Sir Harry Englefield and his crew. He told Northcote the story, sat for his own head, and brought the men from Wapping to sit for theirs; and these he had arranged into a formal composition, till one Jeffrey, a conceited but clever artist of that day, called in upon him, and said, "Oh! that common-place thing will never do, it is like West; you should throw them into an action something like this."—Accordingly, the head of the boat was reared up like a sea-horse riding the waves, and the elements put into commotion, and when the painter looked at it the last thing as he went out of his room in the dusk of the evening, he said that "*it frightened him.*" He retained the expression in the faces of the men nearly as they sat to him. It is very fine, and truly English; and being natural, it was easily made into history. There is a portrait of a young gentleman striving to get into the boat, while the crew are pushing him off with their oars; but at last he prevailed with them by his perseverance and entreaties to take him in. They had only time to throw a bag of biscuit into the boat before the ship went down; which they divided into a biscuit a day for each man, dipping them into water which they collected by holding up

their handkerchiefs in the rain and squeezing it into a bottle. They were out sixteen days in the Atlantic, and got ashore at some place in Spain, where the great difficulty was to prevent them from eating too much at once, so as to recover gradually. Sir Harry Englefield observed that he suffered more afterwards than at the time—that he had horrid dreams of falling down precipices for a long time after—that in the boat they told merry stories, and kept up one another's spirits as well as they could, and on some complaint being made of their distressed situation, the young gentleman who had been admitted into their crew remarked, "Nay, we are not so badly off neither, we are not come to *eating* one another yet!"—Thus, whatever is the subject of discourse, the scene is revived in his mind, and every circumstance brought before you without affectation or effort, just as it happened. It might be called *picture-talking*. He has always some pat allusion or anecdote. A young engraver came into his room the other day, with a print which he had put into the crown of his hat, in order to crumple it, and he said it had been nearly blown away several times in passing along the street. "You put me in mind," said Northcote, "of a bird-catcher at Plymouth, who used to put the birds he had caught into his hat to bring them home, and one day meeting my father in the road, he pulled off his hat to make him a low bow, and all the birds flew away!" Sometimes Mr. Northcote gets to the top of a ladder to paint a palm-tree or to finish a sky in one of his pictures; and in this situation he listens very attentively to any thing you tell him. I was once mentioning some strange inconsistencies of our modern poets; and on coming to one that exceeded the rest, he descended the steps of the ladder one by one, laid his pallet and brushes deliberately on the ground, and coming up to me, said—"You don't say so, it's the very thing I should have supposed of them: yet these are the men that speak against Pope and Dryden." Never any sarcasms were so fine, so cutting, so careless as his. The grossest things from his lips seem

an essence of refinement: the most refined become more so than ever. Hear him talk of Pope's Epistle to Jervas and repeat the lines—

"Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
And breathe an air divine on every face;  
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul,  
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,  
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:  
Alas! how little from the grave we claim;  
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name."

Or let him speak of Boccaccio and his story of Isabella and her pot of basil, in which she kept her lover's head and watered it with her tears, "and how it grew, and it grew, and it grew," and you see his own eyes glisten, and the leaves of the basil-tree tremble to his faltering accents!

#### FUSELI, THE PAINTER.

Mr. Fuseli's conversation is more striking and extravagant, but less pleasing and natural than Mr. Northcote's. He deals in paradoxes and caricatures. He talks allegories and personifications, as he paints them. You are sensible of effort without any repose—no careless peasantry—no traits of character or touches from nature—every thing is laboured or overdone. His ideas are gnarled, hard, and distorted, like his features—his theories stalking and straddle-legged, like his gait—his projects aspiring and gigantic, like his gestures—his performance uncouth and dwarfish, like his person. His pictures are also like himself, with eye-balls of stone stuck in rims of tin, and muscles twisted together like ropes or wires. Yet Fuseli is undoubtedly a man of genius, and capable of the most wild and grotesque combinations of fancy. It is a pity that he ever applied himself to painting, which must always be reduced to the test of the senses. He is a little like Dante or Ariosto, perhaps: but no more like Michael Angelo, Raphael, or Correggio, than I am. Nature, he complains, puts him out. Yet he can laugh at artists who "paint ladies with iron lap-dogs:" and he describes the great masters of old in words or lines full of truth, and glancing from a pen or tongue of fire. I conceive

any person would be more struck with Mr. Fuseli at first sight, but would wish to visit Mr. Northcote oftener. There is a bold and startling outline in his style of talking, but not the delicate finishing or bland tone that there is in the latter. Whatever there is harsh or repulsive about him is, however, in a great degree carried off by his animated foreign accent and broken English, which give character where there is none, and soften its asperities where it is too abrupt and violent.

#### FLAXMAN, THE SCULPTOR.

Flaxman is another living and eminent artist, who is distinguished by success in his profession, and by a prolonged and active old age. He is diminutive in person, like the others. I know little of him, but that he is an elegant sculptor, and a profound mystic. This last is a character common to many other artists in our days—Lutherbourg, Cosway, Blake, Sharp, Varley, &c.—who seem to relieve the literalness of their professional studies by voluntary excursions into the regions of the preternatural, pass their time between sleeping and waking, and whose ideas are like a stormy night, with the clouds driven rapidly across, and the blue sky and stars gleaming between!

#### COSWAY, THE PAINTER.

Cosway is the last of these I shall mention. At that name I pause, and must be excused if I consecrate to him a *petit souvenir* in my best manner; for he was Fancy's child. What a fairy palace was his of specimens of art, antiquarianism, and *virtù*, jumbled altogether in the richest disorder, dusty, shadowy, obscure, with much left to the imagination, (how different from the finical, polished, petty, modernised air of some Collections we have seen!) and with copies of the old masters, cracked and damaged, which he touched and retouched with his own hand, and yet swore they were the genuine, the pure originals. All other collectors are fools to him: they go about with painful anxiety to find out the realities:—he *said* he had them—and in a moment made them of the breath of his nostrils and of the fumes of a lively

imagination. His was the crucifix that Abelard prayed to—a lock of Eloisa's hair—the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham—the first finished sketch of the *Jocunda*—Titian's large colossal profile of Peter Aretine—a mummy of an Egyptian king—a feather of a Phoenix—a piece of Noah's Ark. Were the articles authentic? What matter?—his faith in them was true. He was gifted with a *second-sight* in such matters: he believed whatever was incredible. Fancy bore sway in him; and so vivid were his impressions, that they included the substance of things in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one. He believed in Swedenborgianism—he believed in animal magnetism—he had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity—he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense, as we speak to a servant down-stairs through a conduit-pipe. Richard Cosway was not the man to flinch from an *ideal* proposition. Once, at an Academy dinner, when some question was made whether the story of Lambert's Leap was true, he started up, and said it was; for he was the person that performed it:—he once assured me that the knee-pan of King James I. in the ceiling at Whitehall was nine feet across (he had measured it in concert with Mr. Cipriani, who was repairing the figures)—he could read in the Book of the Revelations without spectacles, and foretold the return of Bonaparte from Elba—and from St. Helena! His wife, the most lady-like of Englishwomen being asked in Paris what sort of a man her husband was, made answer—“*Toujours riant, toujours gai.*” This was his character. He must have been of French extraction. His soul appeared to possess the life of a bird; and such was the jauntiness of his air and manner, that to see him sit to have his half-boots laced on, you would fancy, (by the help of a figure) that, instead of a little withered elderly gentleman, it was Venus attired by the Graces. His miniature and whole-length drawings were not merely fashionable—they were fashion itself. His imitations of Michael Angelo were not the thing.

When more than ninety, he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smiled, with unabated good-humour, at the vanity of human wishes. Take him with all his faults and follies, we scarce "shall look upon his like again!"

Why should such persons ever die? It seems hard upon them and us! Care fixes no sting in their hearts, and their persons "present no mark to the foe-

man." Death in them seizes upon living shadows. They scarce consume vital air: their gross functions are long at an end—they live but to paint, to talk or think. Is it that the vice of age, the miser's fault, gnaws them? Many of them are not afraid of death, but of coming to want; and having begun in poverty, are haunted with the idea that they shall end in it, and so die—to save charges. Otherwise, they might linger on for ever, and "defy augury!"

#### CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.\*

(Lit. Gaz.)

**I**N a preceding number we introduced to the public the Abbé Dubois' Letters on the State of Christianity in India, adducing this intelligent author's arguments on the hopelessness of successful proselytism in India, and the prevailing obstacle to the circulation of the Bible. As opposed to the efforts of missionaries, the Abbé states instances of native feelings not less powerfully operative.

"Being at Carricaul, about twenty-eight years ago, I preached on a Sunday to the assembled congregation a sermon in the *Tamul* language, on the divine origin of the Christian religion. Among other topics to prove my subject, I insisted on the intrinsic weakness and inadequacy of the means employed in the establishment of this religion, generally hated and persecuted every where, quite destitute of all human support, and left to its own resources amidst every kind of contradictions. I several times repeated, in treating this topic, that the Christian religion had for its founder a *peasant of Galilee, the son of a humble carpenter*, who took for his assistants twelve low-born men, twelve ignorant and illiterate *fishermen*. These words, *the son of a carpenter! twelve fishermen!* many times repeated, gave offence to my audience, which was entirely composed of native Christians; and the sermon was no sooner finished than three or four of the principal among them came and informed me, that the whole congregation had been highly scanda-

lized by hearing me apply to Christ the appellation of *the son of a carpenter*, and to his apostles that of *fishermen*; that I could not be ignorant that the castes both of carpenters and fishermen were two of the lowest and vilest in the country; that it was highly improper to attribute to Christ and his disciples so low and abject an origin; that if pagans, who sometimes come through motives of curiosity to their religious assemblies, heard such objectionable accounts of our religion, their contempt and hatred of it would be considerably increased, &c. &c. Finally, they advised me, if in future I had occasion to mention in my sermons, the origin of Christ or his apostles, not to fail to say that both were born in the noble tribe of *kshatrys* or *rajahs*, and never to mention their low profession.

"Another instance of the kind happened to me a few years ago in this part of the country, when, in explaining to the congregation the parable of the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, I mentioned the circumstance of the prodigal's father having, through joy, killed the *fatted calf* to regale his friends, on account of the return of his reformed son. After the lecture some Christians told me, in rather bad humour, that my mentioning the *fatted calf* was very improper, and that if, as sometimes happened, pagans had been present at the lecture, they would have been confirmed, on hearing of the *fatted calf*, in the opinion they all en-

\* Concluded from page 37.

tertained of the Christian religion being a low, or pariah religion. They advised me, in the mean time, if in future I gave an explanation of the same parable, to substitute a lamb instead of the *fatted calf*.

"In fact, even with our native Christians, we are careful to avoid all that might wound their feelings to no purpose, and increase in the public mind the jealousy and contempt entertained against them and their religion. For example, as the use of intoxicating liquors is extremely odious to all well-bred Hindoos, and considered by them as a capital sin, when we explain verbally or in writing the sacrament of the eucharist, we are cautious not to say openly that the materials of this sacrament are bread and *wine*, or *charayam*, (literally, wine,) which would prove too revolting to their feelings; we have therefore the precaution to soften this coarse term by a periphrasis, saying that the materials of the eucharist are wheaten bread, and *the juice of the fine fruit called grape*; which expressions become more palatable to their taste."

The Neophytes are after all very odd sort of Christians.

"The greater part (continues the writer) exhibit nothing but a vain phantom, an empty shade of Christianity. In fact, during a period of twenty-five years that I have familiarly conversed with them, lived among them as their religious teacher and spiritual guide, I would hardly dare to affirm that I have any where met a sincere and undisguised Christian.

"In embracing the Christian religion, they very seldom heartily renounce their leading superstitions, towards which they always entertain a secret bent, which does not fail to manifest itself in the several occurrences of life; and in many circumstances where the precepts of their religion are found to be in opposition to their leading usages, they rarely scruple to overlook the former, and conform themselves to the latter.

"Besides, in order to make true Christians among the natives, it would be necessary before all things, to erase from the code of the Christian religion,

the great leading precept of *charity*: for, try to persuade a Hindoo that this religion places all men on equal footing in the sight of God, our common Maker and Father;—that the being born in a high caste, authorises nobody to look with indifference or contempt on the persons born in a lower tribe;—that even the exalted Brahmin, after embracing Christianity, ought to look upon the humble pariah as his brother, and be ready to bestow upon him all marks of kindness and love in his power; try to prevail upon the Christian Hindoo to forgive an often imaginary injury, such as would be that of being publicly upbraided with having violated any one of their vain usages;—try to persuade even the low-born pariah, that after turning a Christian, he ought forever to renounce the childish distinction of *Right and Left Hand*, upon which he lays so much stress, and which he considers as the most honourable characteristic of his tribe;—tell him that as that distinction of *Right and Left Hand* proves a source of continual quarrel, fighting, and animosity, it becomes wholly incompatible with the first duties imposed upon him by the Christian religion, and must altogether be laid aside;—try to prevail upon parents, in opposition to the established customs, to permit a young widow, their daughter, who, on account of her youth, is exposed to dishonour both herself and family, to marry again; so to act in opposition to any of their leading usages and practices; your lectures, your instructions, your expostulations on such subjects, will be of no avail; and your Christians will continue to live the slaves of their Antichristian prejudices and customs.

"When their religious instructors become too troublesome to them, by their importunate admonitions on such subjects, they often put themselves in a state of insurrection, revolt against them, and bid them defiance, by threats of apostacy. - - -

"The Hindoo pageanty is chiefly seen in the festivals celebrated by the native Christians. Their processions in the streets, always performed in the night time, have indeed been to me at

all times a subject of shame. Accompanied with hundreds of *tom-toms*, (small drums,) trumpets, and all the discordant noisy music of the country; with numberless torches, and fire-works—the statue of the saint placed on a car, which is charged with garlands of flowers, and other gaudy ornaments, according to the taste of the country,—the car slowly dragged by a multitude shouting all along the march—the congregation surrounding the car all in confusion, several among them dancing, or playing with small sticks, with naked swords; some wrestling, some playing the fool; all shouting, or conversing with each other, without any one exhibiting the least sign of respect or devotion. Such is the mode in which the Hindoo Christians in the inland country celebrate their festivals. They are celebrated, however, with a little more decency on the coast. They are all exceedingly pleased with such a mode of worship, and any thing short of such pageantry, such confusion and disorder, would not be liked by them.”

As a proof how lightly they prize their faith, the Abbé states that when in 1784 Tippoo Saib seized 60,000 Christians (all that could be found in his dominions in one day) and carried them to Seringapatam, not one of the whole number refused to abjure and be circumcised—not one of them “possessing resolution enough to say, ‘I am a Christian, I will die rather than renounce my religion!’”

Summing up his reasoning as far as his own experience goes, the Abbé honestly declares—

“For my part, I cannot boast of my successes in this holy career, during a period of twenty-five years that I have laboured to promote the interests of the Christian religion. The restraints and privations under which I have lived, by conforming myself to the usages of the country; embracing, in many respects, the prejudices of the natives; living like them, and becoming almost a Hindoo myself; in short, by ‘being made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some,’—all this has

proved of no avail to me to make proselytes.”

“During the long period I have lived in India, in the capacity of a missionary, I have made, with the assistance of a native missionary, in all between two and three hundred converts of both sexes. Of this number two-thirds were pariahs, or beggars; and the rest were composed of *sudras*, vagrants, and out-casts of several tribes, who, being without resource, turned Christians, in order to form new connections, chiefly for the purpose of marriage, or with some other interested views. Among them are to be found some also who believed themselves to be possessed by the devil, and who turned Christians, after having been assured that on their receiving baptism the unclean spirits would leave them, never to return; and I will declare it, with shame and confusion, that I do not remember any one who may be said to have embraced Christianity from conviction, and through quite disinterested motives. Among these new converts many apostatised, and relapsed into Paganism, finding that the Christian religion did not afford them the temporal advantages they had looked for in embracing it; and I am verily ashamed, that the resolution I have taken to declare the whole truth on this subject forces me to make the humiliating avowal, that those who continued Christians are the very worst among my flock. - - -

“In fact, the conversion of the Hindoos, under existing circumstances, is so hopeless a thing, and their prejudices against it are so deeply rooted, and so decidedly declared, that I am firmly persuaded, that if (what has never been the case) the Hindoo Brahmins were animated by a spirit of proselytism, and sent to Europe missionaries of their own faith, to propagate their monstrous religion, and make converts to the worship of Seeva and Vishnoo, they would have much more chance of success, among certain classes of society, than we have to make among them true converts to the faith in Christ.”

Well are we aware that the obsta-

cles thus so afflictively stated, are calculated to excite the warmer zeal of those who cherish the praiseworthy design of spreading Christianity over the earth; and we trust it will be believed that we only array these arguments together in order to show them the extent of their difficulties, not to dishearten them in the prosecution of their benevolent work.

There is another important consideration which ought to be calmly weighed at this period, when we even see petitions presented to Parliament on the subject.

"On the whole (says the Abbé,) from all that has come within my knowledge, I observe, with sorrow, that the interference of the new reformers to improve the condition of the Hindoos has thus far produced more evil than good. In support of this assertion, I will content myself with citing the two following striking instances:

"The first relates to the burning of widows on the piles of their deceased husbands. It is an indubitable fact, fully confirmed by the official reports of the local magistrates, that since the clamours raised in Europe and India, and since the country government has judged fit to interfere, to a certain degree, in order to render it less frequent, it has come more into fashion, and more prevalent. I have seen lists of the victims devoting themselves to that cruel superstition; and I have observed, that in the districts of Calcutta and Benarez, where the horrid practice is most common, the number of victims has been of late much greater than it was about twelve years ago, when the natives were left to themselves, and nobody presumed to interfere with their customs. - - -

- - - "Owing to their abrupt attacks on the most deep laid prejudices of the country, the zeal of the Hindoos had been roused to a determined spirit of opposition and resistance, when they saw their most sacred customs and practices publicly reviled, laughed at, and turned into ridicule, by words, and in writing, in numberless religious tracts, circulated with profusion, in every direction, all over the country.

"When I was at Vellore, four years ago, in attendance on a numerous congregation living in that place, having been informed that the Lutheran missionaries kept a *catechist*, or native religious teacher, at that station, on a salary of five pagodas a month, I was led to suppose that they had a numerous flock there; but I was not a little surprised when, on enquiry, I found that the whole congregation consisted of only three individuals, namely, a drummer, a cook, and a horse-keeper.

"In the meantime do not suppose that those thin congregations are wholly composed of converted pagans: at least half consists of Catholic apostates, who went over to the Lutheran sect in times of famine, or from other interested motives.

"It is not uncommon on the coast to see natives who successively pass from one religion to another, according to their actual interest. In my last journey to Madras, I became acquainted with native converts, who regularly changed their religion twice a-year, and who for a long time were in the habit of being six months Catholic, and six months Protestant.

"Behold the Lutheran mission established in India more than a century ago! Interrogate its missionaries, ask them what were their successes during so long a period, and through what means were gained over the few proselytes they made? Ask them whether the interests of their sect are improving, or whether they are gaining ground, or whether their small numbers are not rather dwindling away?

"Behold the truly industrious, the unaffected and unassuming Moravian brethren! Ask them how many converts they have made in India during a stay of about seventy years by preaching the Gospel in all its naked simplicity? They will candidly answer, "Not one! not a single man!"

"Behold the Nestorians in Travancore! Interrogate them; ask them for an account of their success in the work of proselytism in these modern times? Ask them whether they are gaining ground, and whether the interests of their ancient mode of worship is improving? They will reply, that so

far from this being the case, their congregations once so flourishing, and amounting (according to Gibbon's account) to 200,000 souls, are now reduced to less than an eighth of this number, and are daily diminishing.

"Behold the Baptist missionaries at Serampore! Inquire what are their spiritual successes on the shores of the Ganges? Ask them whether they have really the well-founded hope that their indefatigable labours in endeavouring to get the Holy Scriptures translated into all the idioms of India will increase their successes? Ask them whether those extremely incorrect versions, already obtained at an immense expense, have produced the sincere conversion of a single Pagan! And I am persuaded, that, if they are asked an answer upon their honour and conscience, they will all reply in the negative.

"The Hindoos are a people entirely different from all others. You may, if you choose, exercise over them the most despotic sway; you may oppress them by every kind of tyranny; you may overload them with taxes, and rob them of their property; you may carry away their wives and children, load them with chains and send them into exile:—to all such excesses they will perhaps submit; but, if you speak of changing any of their principal institutions, either religious or civil, you will find a quite ungovernable people, never to be overcome on this point; and it is my decided opinion, that the day when government shall presume to interfere in such matters, will be the last of its political existence.

"This force of custom is remarked among the native Christians, as well as among the pagans. The former shew in all their religious concerns an apathy or insensibility, a dulness, bordering in most instances on stupidity. Indeed, the education of all Hindoos renders them incapable of acquiring new ideas, and every thing which varies from the established customs is rather odious, or at least indifferent to them.

"It is not that they want wit, penetration, and aptness in the matters in which they were brought up, or those in which their temporal interests are

compromised; but it is impossible to instil new principles, or infuse new ideas into their minds. Besides that, surrounded on all sides by a religion which speaks to the senses, allures and bewilders its votaries by all kinds of sensual gratifications in this life, and in that which is to come, their minds are too gross to understand a religion which speaks only to the spirit, exhibits to them only inscrutable mysteries, and promises them chiefly spiritual enjoyments.

"In fact, in discoursing upon the Christian religion with the Hindoos, your hearers will readily agree with you upon all that you say; but they will feel nothing. When you discourse upon such topics, either among the Christians or pagans, your hearers, sitting down on their heels, or cross-legged, will patiently, and with frequent assenting nods, listen to you. But, after preaching to them in this manner for several days, ask them for an account of your sermons, or moral instructions, and you will find that they have comprehended nothing, and that you have laboured in vain, because instead of speaking to their senses, you endeavoured to speak to their minds.

"The Hindoos may be divided into two classes—the impostors and the dupes. The latter include the bulk of the population of India; and the former is composed of the whole tribe of Brahmins. Now, in a society composed of such materials, we can entertain but very faint hopes of improving the interests, or extending the benefits of the Christian religion.

"The Brahmins, in framing their system of imposture, and in devising the monstrous worship prevailing all over India, not only used every artifice in their power to adapt it to the dispositions of a simple and credulous people, but, above all, they employed all possible means to establish in this way, in a permanent and indisputable manner, the high power and uncontroverted control they have always exercised over the other tribes.

"It is a sin, it is a crime, a sacrilege in every Hindoo who is not born a Brahmin to endeavour to emerge from that state of ignorance, and to aspire

to the lowest degree of knowledge. It is a sin for him even to presume to calculate on what days fall the new and full moon. He is obliged to learn this and similar matters, and to be guided in the most common occurrences of life by his religious teachers. He is forbidden by his institutions to lay any claim whatever to either sacred or profane science, or to intermeddle in any way with the one or the other. His religious leaders have engrossed, as their absolute and exclusive inheritance, all that is included within the term *science*.

"Among the arts, the Brahmins have left to the other castes only those whose exercise depends more upon bodily than on mental exertion; such as, music on windy instruments, painting, sculpture, and mechanics; and even these they have beset with so many sources of discouragement, that they have remained in their infancy, and none of them has even approached perfection, they all being at the present time the same as they were two or three thousand years ago.

"There is no possibility to have access, either by word or writing, to the refined part of the nation; the line of separation between us and the Brahmins is (as I have just observed) drawn, and the barrier impassable; there is no opening to argument or persuasion: our opponents are strictly bound by their religious and civil statutes to shun, to scorn, and hate us. They are obliged to do so from a sense of duty. To listen to us would be in them a crime, and the greatest of all disgraces.

"Being in a neighbouring village, three or four months ago, I received there the visit of some Christians living in the *Bellary* district, in a place called *Talairu*, where between 30 and 40 *Tilinga* Christian families reside. After the ordinary marks of respect, and the usual compliments, one of my visitors took a book out of a small bag, and without uttering a single word, laid it at my feet. On opening it, I found it was a translation into *Tilinga* of the Gospel of St. Matthew; and, before saying any thing about it, I wished to be acquainted with the opinion of

my visitors on the work. Having interrogated them for the purpose, the person who had delivered it to me began the following curious account, saying that some months back two Christians of their village went to *Bellary* on some business, and, hearing that a European *gooroo*, or priest, (whom from their account I understood to be a Protestant missionary,) was living in that place, they went to pay him a visit; that they had been very kindly received by him, and that after a good deal of conversation, chiefly on religious subjects, the *gooroo*, on dismissing them, had made them a present of the book, strongly recommending them to have a chapter of its contents read every Sunday in their chapel to the assembled congregation; that there being only five or six individuals among the congregation who could write and read, on their return they had called on them and delivered the book to them; that these persons had assembled together for the purpose of reading it, and becoming acquainted with its contents; but that they were unable to understand the meaning of a single chapter; that in their perplexity they had applied to some Pagans living in the same village, to assist them in expounding the book; but no one among them had been able to understand any thing about it; that they were then disposed to believe that the foreign *gooroo*, who was not their own, had given them such a work to make a jest of them, and that in this persuasion, some were of opinion, that it should be thrown into the fire; but the majority wishing to become acquainted at least with the outlines of the work, called for the purpose on a Brahmin *poorohita*, or astrologer, living in their neighbourhood, that the *poorohita* having perused one or two pages in their presence, told them that it appeared to him to be a curious book, but that it was written in so loose and incoherent a style, and in so obscure a manner, that it would require some days to become acquainted with the whole.

"When the Christians returned, the *poorohita* gave them the following curious answer, assuring them, in a low tone of voice, that he had thoroughly

perused the work with attention, and that it was nothing more nor less than a treatise upon *magic*; adding, that it was worked up in obscure and incoherent sentences, quite unintelligible to *sudras*; "as is always the case," said he, "with works treating upon occult and pernicious sciences;" and strongly recommending them to destroy, or otherwise get rid of it, as it was a great sin to keep so pernicious a book in their possession."

A defence of the Hindoos closes this volume, to which we can only refer the curious; and finish our notice with the author's opinion of the versions of Scripture now in circulation, but particularly the Canada version, (of which he gives a literal translation of the 1st chapter of Genesis):

"I have been so thoroughly disgusted in going through the translation of the first chapter, that I beg you will excuse me the trouble of translating the three others. - - -

- - - If one of the many proofs of our holy books being of divine origin be derived from their intrinsical worth, from their noble, inimitable, and majestic simplicity, there is, alas! on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the Hindoos will form a directly opposite judgment on the subject, when they behold the ludicrous, vulgar, and almost unintelligible style of the versions at present circulated among them; and that even the most reasonable and

best disposed, in beholding our Holy Scriptures under such a contemptible shape, so far from looking upon them as the Word of God, will, on the contrary, be strongly impelled to consider them as forgeries of some obscure, ignorant, and illiterate individual, and of course a downright imposture. It is, however, to execute such performances, (for the Tamoul, and Telinga versions, parts of which I have also perused, have not appeared to me superior to this,) that public credulity in Europe is imposed upon, and immense sums of money are subscribed.

"You may rest persuaded, that all those *soi-disant* translations will soon find their way to the bazar streets, to be sold there, as waste paper, to the country grocers, for the purpose of wrapping their drugs in them; and, indeed, in my humble opinion, they are fit for nothing else.

"I express to you my sentiments on the subject with candour, and without hypocrisy, as you have requested me so to do, and I am ready fearlessly to express the same, in the presence of the Bible Society itself, and of all the universities in Europe; for my opinion, (let them give it the appellation of prejudice, of ignorance, or obstinacy, it is the same to me,) being grounded on an inward conviction, the result of a long and attentive experience, is unalterable."

With this strong opinion we leave the case to the public judgment.

(New Mon.)

#### WHY DO WE LOVE?

I often think each tottering form,  
That limps along in life's decline,  
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,  
As full of idle thoughts as mine—

And each has had his dream of joy,  
His own unequall'd pure romance;  
Commencing, when the blushing boy  
First thrills at lovely woman's glance:

And each could tell his tale of youth,  
And think its scenes of love evince  
More passion, more unearthly truth,  
Than any tale before, or since.

Yes—they could tell of tender lays,  
At midnight penn'd in classic shades;  
—Of days more bright than modern days;  
—Of maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,  
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;  
(—Each kiss—each whisper far too dear  
For modern lips to give, or speak.)

Of prospects too, untimely cross'd,  
Of passion slighted or betray'd;  
Of kindred spirits early lost,  
And buds that blossom'd but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,  
—Elastic form, and noble brow;  
And charms—that all have pass'd away,  
And left them—*what we see them now!*

And is it so?—Is human love  
So very light and frail a thing?  
And must youth's brightest visions move,  
For ever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,  
And all the lips that talk of bliss,  
And all the forms so fair to-night,  
Hereafter—only come to this?

Then what are Love's best visions worth,  
If we at length must lose them thus?  
If all we value most on earth,  
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that one being whom we take  
From all the world, and still recur  
To all *she* said—and for her sake  
Feel far from *joy*, when far from her—

If that one form which we adore  
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,  
Soon withers—and is seen no more,  
—Why do we love—if *love be vain*?

### THE "THREE MIGHTY."

(New Mon.)

WATCH-fires are blazing on hill and plain  
Till noon-day light is restored again,  
There are shining arms in Raphael's vale,  
And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fix'd his encampment here—  
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear—  
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,  
And his war-steeds neigh loud in their trappings of pride.

His tents are placed where the waters flow,  
The sun hath dried up the springs below,  
And Israel hath neither well nor pool,  
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam king David lies,  
Overcome with the glare of the blazing skies;  
And his lip is parch'd, and his tongue is dry,  
But none can the grateful draft supply.

Though a crowned king, in that painful hour  
One flowing cup might have bought his power—  
What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be  
The purple pomp of his sovereignty!

But no cooling cup from river or spring  
To relieve his want can his servants bring,  
And he cries, "Are there none in my train or state,  
Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate?"

Then three of his warriors, the "mighty three,"  
The boast of the monarch's chivalry,  
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers rung,  
As with eyes of flame on their steeds they sprung.

On their steeds they sprung, and with spurs of speed  
Rush'd forth in the strength of a noble deed.  
And dash'd on the foe like a torrent-flood,  
Till he floated away in a tide of blood.

To the right—to the left—where their blue swords shine  
Like autumn-corn falls the Philistine;  
And sweeping along with the vengeance of fate,  
The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlehem gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shatter'd array,  
To Bethlehem's well they have hewn their way,  
Then backward they turn on the corse-cover'd plain,  
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

The king looks at the cup, but the crystal draught  
At a price too high for his want hath been bought;  
They urge him to drink, but he wets not his lip,  
Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.

But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty—  
He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky;  
'Tis a draught of death—'tis a cup blood-stain'd—  
'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony gain'd.

Should he taste of a cup which his "mighty three"  
Had obtain'd by their peril and jeopardy?  
Should he drink of their life?—'Twas the thought of a king!  
And again he return'd to his suffering.

Sept. 1, 1823.

## THE KING'S JUVENILE BALLS.

(La Belle Assemblée.)

**T**HE King's Juvenile Balls, given at every returning Midsummer and Christmas, to the younger branches of the families of the nobility and gentry, though, under one view, no more than examples of an elegant and amiable hospitality, are yet of a positive value to the country, such as entitles them to take rank in our estimation with some of its best institutions. The Emperor of China is obliged by law to render an homage to the art of agriculture, by means of a fixed ceremonial of holding the plough; and if a law-giver had proposed to himself an institution in Great Britain, by means of which a habit of attachment to the throne, and to the reigning family, should be nursed in the bosoms of the higher classes, and planted there in infancy, nothing more felicitous than the scheme of these Juvenile Balls—these simple and unaffected entertainments for children of condition—in the house and in the presence—or, as it should rather be said, in the company of the Sovereign, could have been devised. The kind and urbane manners of his present Majesty are, indeed, peculiarly such as to fix the affections of all who approach his person; and the country, perhaps, on this head, has nothing to regret, but that those of lower rank, out of the walls of his Majesty's palace (for all within partake of his suavity) do not in more frequent instances enjoy the advantage of seeing and hearing the King.

After supper, at these little entertainments, his Majesty sits down surrounded by his youthful guests, to whom he exhibits every mark of cheerful and encouraging hospitality; but previously to the hour of this substantial part of the night's enjoyment, the King devotes himself to conversing alternately with every child present, inquiring of each its name, and making such observations as circumstances elicit. Throughout the scene, nothing is more remarkable than the great diversity of character displayed by the child. Some are bold, some uncon-

querably timid. Some, to the shyness so often evinced by children in all companies, add every thing that can be imagined of awe, at finding themselves in the presence of the King; while, upon the audacity of some dispositions, this peculiarity of situation seems to have no effect whatever.

The company is received in the lower suite of rooms at Carlton-house; and as his Majesty's desire always is, that the whole should be without the glare of dress and state, the attendants as well as the visitors are plainly attired. On the evening, however, now referred to, one little girl, yielding to the common passion of her sex, had prevailed upon mamma to let her apparel be somewhat costly and superb. "Bless my heart!" said his Majesty, as he accosted this gorgeous stranger, "what a fine lady you are! How beautifully you are dressed! Pray what may be your name?"—"Rachel, sir," was the answer.—"And what besides Rachel?" resumed the King.—"Lady Rachel Russell," replied the infant belle.—"Lady Rachel Russell!" exclaimed his Majesty; "may you be as great an ornament, my dear, to your sex, as was your illustrious namesake!"

But the next beauty of the Lilliputian Court, who happened to fix his Majesty's eye, was a little girl of opposite attractions. She was one of those little English girls whom M. de Chateaubriand describes as blushing when they are spoken to, and whom he contrasts so forcibly with the young females of France—little French school girls, with their hair dressed with *huile-antique*, holding up the trains of their dresses, looking boldly at every stranger, practising love songs, and learning lessons of declamation.\* Our little English girl at Carlton house was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and extremely bashful in her deportment. The King kindly took her hand; and, after some of the usual inquiries, "My

\* M. de Chateaubriand wrote some twenty-five years ago.

love," said he, in a half whisper, "between you and I, you are *the rose of the company*."

A third trait shall be set down. A fine, fearless boy, who had waited for his turn of being spoken to by his Majesty, till he thought every chance gone by, suddenly presented himself to the King, saying, "Sir, your Majesty has spoken to every one but me, but to me you have not said a word!"—"Is it possible," cried the King, with the utmost

good-humour, and delighted with the manly confidence of the school-boy; "is it possible that I have neglected you? Well! and who are you?"

It is now obvious in how great a degree the King's juvenile balls are adapted to make lasting impressions on the minds of the youthful visitors; and a single word needs not to be added, as to the interest which the whole country possesses in the loyal attachments of the upper classes.

(La Belle Assem.)

#### PROTESTANT NUNNERY.

**T**HE idea of a Protestant establishment for ladies, upon a conventual plan, exclusive of vows, has been a favourite one with many tender-hearted persons, who have thought that such a species of asylum would be serviceable to females of fallen expectations and circumscribed fortunes. It seems that a single lady of great property, named Harcourt, the heiress of a gentleman of large fortune in Yorkshire, once partly realized this scheme. Her father, a man of learning and science, had given her very superior education, and even permitted her to accompany him in a scientific tour, of some years' duration, on the Continent. There she formed an intimate acquaintance with several foreign ladies of rank, who, upon the death of her father, returned with her for the purpose of forming an institution of their own. A beautiful cloister was constructed, according to the direction of Miss Harcourt, on her estate at Richmond, in Yorkshire, formed upon a design of her own; another was erected at a villa she possessed in one of the western isles of Scotland: and in these two seats of friendly intercourse, the amiable founder alternately spent her time. A system of perfect equality prevailed in the institution, over which each lady presided in her turn, and no vow confined them to remain members of the community. Every lady upon her entrance into the society, paid the sum of a hundred pounds; and another hundred was to be paid in case of a removal from it, for the purpose of establishing a fund for its sup-

port. A certain portion of the day was devoted to religious exercises, but these were not of the austere kind; and the rest was spent in elegant and rational amusements, as music, painting, the *belles lettres*, and experiments in natural philosophy. The poor of the surrounding neighbourhood were not only considered as objects of their attention, but as beings whom Providence had peculiarly placed under their care. This amiable enthusiast died in 1745, near the age of forty.—*Quere*, Is there any knowledge at Richmond of the plan of her establishment, or any traditional information of the esteem in which it was held?

The celebrated Richardson strenuously recommended the establishment of Protestant nunneries as a national good; and particularly as seminaries for good wives, and as a stand for every virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous.

In 1671, an academy or college was proposed, according to the pattern of some Protestant colleges in Germany.

A similar establishment was instituted in 1816, under the sanction of her late Majesty; nor has there ever been any institution more worthy of the attention and the liberal patronage of the public.

"In the spring of 1815, the Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh, Lady Carysfort, Lady Anson, Lady Willoughby, and Lady Clonbrook, having taken into consideration the plan of an institution

calculated to afford the comforts of life, at a moderate expense, to ladies of respectability and small fortune, agreed to form an association for the purpose of promoting establishments of that nature." Lady Isabella King is the person to whom the merit of having originated this association is due, and the still higher merit of having hitherto superintended the institution which by her means was formed. The most frequent objection which she had heard advanced against her favourite object was, that a society of women—of English women belonging to the Church of England—could never be expected to live together in peace. With the fervent hope of proving that such reflections on her sex, her country, and her religion were unfounded, Lady Isabella quitted a life more congenial with her taste and inclinations, and engaged in this undertaking. It was agreed that a sum from ten to fifteen thousand pounds should be raised by the association, as an endowment for the primary establishment; and that, as an additional support, a limited number of apartments should be allotted to such ladies, friends of the undertaking, as would agree to reside there, paying a high yearly rent for their rooms, and conforming equally with the other inmates to the rules of the institution. The Queen contributed three hundred pounds, and signified her intention to subscribe annually one hundred pounds; the late Princess Charlotte, and the other Princesses, contributed fifty pounds each. But notwithstanding this distinguished patronage, the whole sum which could be collected in the course of a year fell considerably short of five thousand pounds, whereas it had been hoped that from ten to fifteen thousand might be raised, and less could not suffice for putting the institution upon a permanent establishment. Anxious, however, that the institution should no longer be delayed, and hoping that, when its practicability should have been tried and proved, the good would be so manifest as to ensure success in a future appeal for public support, Lady Isabella King offered to take upon herself whatever risk or re-

sponsibility might attend it, and proposed to give two hundred pounds a year for a furnished house in Derbyshire. Lady Willoughby was of opinion that it would be better to have the institution in the immediate vicinity of Bath, and offered to pay the difference of rent which this arrangement would occasion. Accordingly a lease of Braybrook House, near that city, was taken for three years, at a rent of four hundred pounds a year.

It had originally been designed that for each fifty pounds accruing yearly to the institution, from the interest of the collected fund, one lady should be admitted, paying on her part fifty pounds annually for her apartment and board. But the first step taken by the residing managers was to make known their determination of not drawing upon the fund, but leaving it to accumulate for three years, during which time the society engaged to defray every expense of the establishment, rent and taxes included.

The three years devoted to the experiment have elapsed; and to those who consider the formation of such institutions desirable, it will be gratifying to learn, that all who are personally concerned in promoting this undertaking, all who have actually visited the establishment, and made themselves thoroughly acquainted with its arrangements, are cordially desirous of its continuance. The experiment was fairly tried, and it has perfectly succeeded. It has been proved that such a society of ladies may live in harmony; that they consider themselves fixed, though bound by no vows; and that they are contented and happy in their retirement, though not upon compulsion. The late Queen inspected the establishment in person during the last year of her life. She expressed the most unqualified approbation of its principles and rules, and emphatically pronounced it "a blessed asylum." Though nothing was drawn from the fund, eight lady associates had been received on the original plan. The establishment was enabled to afford this, by the ladies president and vice president residing in it at considerable ex-

pense; but it is observed, that such a mode of upholding it cannot be rested upon as permanent; and it was soon found that many ladies looked with an anxious but hopeless eye to this retreat, because their total want of fortune precluded their admission, though, for all circumstances of birth, education, prin-

ciples, and manners, they would have been inmates peculiarly desirable; a few official situations in the establishment were therefore instituted, within the last year, for ladies thus circumstanced, and they were admitted gratuitously.

### ABSENCE.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

Lond. Mag.

I shed no tear, I heave no sigh,  
Though lonely I am left again;—  
My heart is still, my cheek is dry,  
And none have heard my lips complain!  
But buried in this bleeding breast,  
And deep within this burning brain,  
Exist the thoughts that ne'er can rest,  
Till thou return'st to me again!

Perchance, e'en now, as on my bed,  
Restless, with anxious care I lie,  
In these dark hours of storm and dread,  
Perchance thou brav'st the inclement sky,  
Far from thy much-lov'd, peaceful home,  
Far from the heart that holds thee dear;  
Thro' midnight wilds thou'rt doom'd to roam,  
With none to gladden, or to cheer!

What is our life? a fever'd dream—  
Few are its hours of real bliss;  
And distant far our footsteps seem  
From calm domestic happiness;—  
Oh would that on some lonely wild,  
Where no intruding feet could stray,  
Where none but love and nature smil'd,  
That we might dream our days away!

Far from this crowded, busy scene,  
Far from a world of storm and strife;  
Where blighted hopes still intervene,  
Like clouds, to damp the sun of life;  
There, like those placid streams that run,  
Where never ocean ebbs or flows,  
Our days should gently glide in one—  
One peaceful scene of calm repose!  
*Sept. 1823.*

(Extracted from *Smiles for all Seasons*, a new work.)

### THE CLEVER IDIOT.

A Boy, as Nursery records tell,  
Had dropp'd his drum-stick in the well;  
He had good sense enough to know  
He would be beaten for't, and so  
Silly (tho' silly from his cradle)  
Took from the shelf a silver ladle,  
And in the water down it goes,  
After the drum-stick, I suppose.

The thing was miss'd, the servants blamed,  
But in a week, no longer named;  
Now this not suiting his designs,  
A silver cup he next purloins,  
(To aid his plan, he never stopp'd)  
And in the water down it dropp'd.

This caused some words, and much inquiry,  
And made his parents rather *iry*:  
Both for a week were vex'd and cross,  
And then—submitted to the loss.  
At length, to follow up his plan,  
Our little, clever, idiot man  
His father's fav'rite silver waiter  
Next cast into the wat'ry crater.

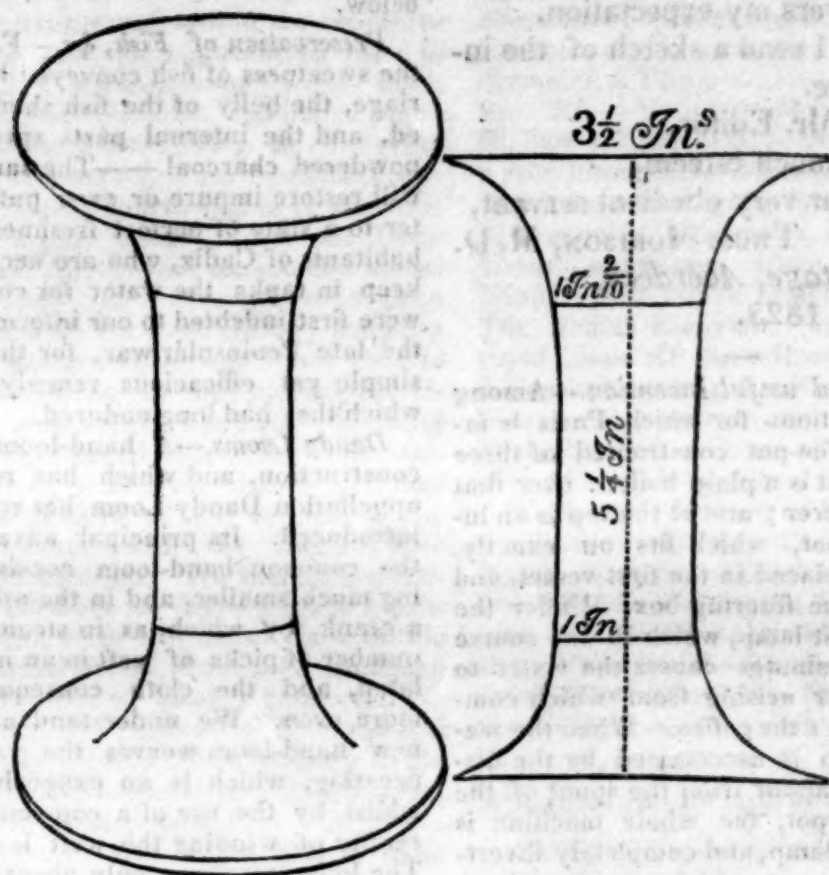
Now this, indeed, was what the cook  
And butler could not overlook;  
And all the servants of the place  
Were search'd, and held in much disgrace.  
The boy now call'd out, "Cook, here—  
Nell;  
What's this so shining in the well?"

This was enough to give a hint  
That the lost treasures might be in't;  
So for a man with speed they sent,  
Who down the well directly went.

They listen with expectant ear,  
At last these joyful words they hear,  
"O, here's the Ladle, and the Cup,  
And Waiter too—so draw me up."

"Hold," quoth the boy, "a moment stay,  
Bring something else that's in your way."  
Adding (with self-approving grin,)  
"My Drum-stick, now your hand is in."  
*August 16, 1823.*

## NEW EAR-TRUMPET.



MR. EDITOR,

HAVING taken in your very superior Miscellany, from its earliest day to the present, I know you as the friend of man. Upon this ground, I am confident that you will grant the request I make, of inserting the short notice I now send in your very first Number, that those labouring under deafness may reap, from the improvement which I have made upon the *Ear Trumpet*, the advantages which I so unexpectedly enjoy.

Many years ago, in consequence of a cough of most uncommon severity, an injury was done to some part of the internal structure of my left ear, which completely robbed me of hearing thro' that organ. Immediately after this accident, I was seized with a *tinnitus aurium*, which held out the dismal prospect of entire deafness. For this malady, I had recourse to snuff, and its effects upon the *tinnitus* were soon perceptible. Still, however, the hearing upon the right ear remained obtuse, and extremely contracted my social enjoyments. I applied in every quarter, including his Majesty's Aurist, for the most approved ear-trumpet. From none of these instruments was the most trivial benefit derived.

My thoughts being much employed upon the subject, it occurred to me that every ear-trumpet which had been sent to me conveyed the collected sound through a very small tube, the orifice of which was inserted in the ear; and now a prospect opened which afforded hope. I immediately ordered an instrument to be constructed, of the finest block-tin, one end of which included the whole external ear, and the other, (circular also,) of larger diameter, collected the sound, which was conveyed by a straight tube, of some capacity, into the ear.

The result was most gratifying, indeed, beyond my most sanguine expectation, enabling me to carry on a conversation with a friend, with the utmost ease to myself, and without exertion to the person addressing me.

It is the establishment of the principle of this improvement upon the *Ear-Trumpet* to which I am solicitous to give publicity, leaving to younger men to make experiments upon the length and diameter of the tube, and of other parts of the instrument.

The only attempt towards improvement which I made, was the making a transverse section of the smaller circle, so as to approach nearly to the shape

of the ear; and, by a little management, it answers my expectation.

With this I send a sketch of the instrument I use.

I remain, Mr. Editor,  
with much esteem,  
your very obedient servant,  
THOS. MORISON, M. D.  
*Disblair Cottage, Aberdeen,*  
16th July, 1823.

*Ingenious and useful Invention.*—Among the new inventions for which Paris is famous, is a coffee-pot constructed of three pieces: the first is a plain boiler: over that is a double filterer; and at the top is an inverted coffee-pot, which fits on exactly. Cold water is placed in the first vessel, and the coffee in the filtering-box. Under the whole is a spirit lamp, which in the course of five or six minutes causes the water to boil, the vapour arising from which completely saturates the coffee. When the water boils, which is ascertained by the discharge of the vapour from the spout of the inverted coffee-pot, the whole machine is lifted from the lamp, and completely inverted; so that the pot, which was uppermost, is at the bottom, and the boiling water, which had saturated the coffee, flows through the filterer, clear, into what was before the inverted coffee-pot, where in the space of two minutes it is ready for use. This mode of preparing coffee is a saving of at least 25 per cent., and it secures the fine flavour of the berry. In another part of the service is a coffee-roaster, of glass, over another lamp of a long wide flame. The process of roasting requires about three minutes, and even so small a quantity as an ounce may be thus prepared.

*Prevention of Fire.*—M. Cadet Vaux, considering that fires in dwelling-houses begin, in numerous instances, in the chimney, and that means cannot always be applied in time to extinguish the fire at its commencement, turned his thoughts to the discovery of some method for effecting this purpose. He reflected that combustion cannot be carried on without the presence of vital air, and consequently if the air in a chimney on fire could be rendered mephitic, the fire must go out. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire in the grate, the mephitic exhalation of which extinguished the fire, as it would suffocate any living creature. A Roman nobleman has not only repeated this experiment with entire success, but, being desirous of ascertaining whether an ignited body suspended in the chimney would be extinguished in the same manner, he caused a faggot to be suspended in a chimney, nearly at the summit, and set on fire: though by its situation it was nearly in contact with the external air, the flames were instantaneously extinguished by throwing

a handful of flour of sulphur on the coals below.

*Preservation of Fish, &c.*—For ensuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land-carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.—The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness. The inhabitants of Cadiz, who are necessitated to keep in tanks the water for culinary uses, were first indebted to our informant, during the late Peninsular war, for the foregoing simple yet efficacious remedy of an evil which they had long endured.

*Dandy Looms.*—A hand-loom, on a new construction, and which has received the appellation Dandy Loom, has recently been introduced. Its principal advantage over the common hand-loom consists in its being much smaller, and in the application of a crank, by which, as in steam-looms, the number of picks of weft in an inch is regulated, and the cloth consequently made more even. We understand also that the new hand-loom weaves the yarn without dressing, which is an expensive process; whilst, by the use of a cop-shuttle, the necessity of winding the weft is superseded. The loom measures only about thirty inches in depth, from the cloth to the yarn beam, and its cost in wood is not more than 35s. or 36s. or in iron than 52s. 6d. A fair weaver, with tolerable exertion, will weave a piece of twenty-five yards in eight or nine hours. By many manufacturers, we understand, the improvement is considered of some importance. Indeed, it is conceived that it will ultimately supersede the hand-loom on the old construction; and perhaps on some particular goods, successfully contest the farther progress of power-looms.

The length of streets now lighted with gas in London extends over 215 miles; the main pipes belonging to the four Gas Light Companies in London reaching to this almost incredible distance, from which ramify the smaller pipes conveying the light to shops, alleys, and private dwellings, and which may be calculated at a distance greater than that of the mains. 1. The London Gas Light Company have their works in Peter-street, Westminster, Brick-lane, and Curtain-road; they supply 125 miles of main pipes, and consume annually 20,678 chaldrons of coals: this company lights 27,635 lamps. 2. The City Gas Light Company, in Dorset-street, supply fifty miles of main: they consume 8840 chaldren of coals annually, and light 7836 lamps. 3. The South London Company at Bankside, supply near forty miles of mains, consume 3640 chaldrons of coals, and light 4038 public lamps. 4. The Imperial Gas Light Company, in Hackney-road, is recently established.

ERRATUM.—In the lines, "Go dig you a tomb," in our last Number, for luxury pants read luxury faints.

## VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, LITERARY NEWS, INCIDENTS, &c.

The property of the *Morning Chronicle* has been transferred within the month to Mr. Clement, for the unparalleled price of 40,000*l.* The amount sounds high; but it is the honestest and best conducted paper in London; and, preserving its integrity, yields, as it deserves, from 7 to 8,000*l.* per annum. Twenty-fourth shares in the *Courier* fetch nearly 2,000*l.*; and the *Times* yields about 20,000*l.* per annum for advertisements only. The increase of readers has rendered all standard literary property of higher certain value, and must tend to improve literature by heightening the recompence of successful exertion. We have recently experienced this in our own concerns; having within the month obtained 20,000*l.* for a third of the interest in the books connected with the Interrogative System of Education. We therefore consider Mr. Clement as having made a prudent bargain, while his liberal views entitle him to special praise, from their tendency to exalt the value of literary property.

Mr. Dallas, the author of *Perceval* and other popular Novels, has a tragedy in the press, founded on the history of Adrastus, a young Phrygian prince.

Lady Morgan has, we are told, a work in preparation: a *Life of Salvator Rosa*.

The continuation of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, with the first specimen of which we expressed ourselves well satisfied, is now in the press, and the several parts are announced to be published, successively, at short intervals.

A circumstance has transpired before the Commissioners of government respecting Ireland, which in this age of mental illumination can scarcely be believed, but which fully explains all the follies of Orangeism and Catholicism, and the backwardness of knowledge, in that unhappy country,—it is, that in eleven counties *there is not a single bookseller's shop!*

### NEW WORKS.

Malcolm's *Memoir of Central India*, 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.*—*Prince on the Exchanges of Bengal*, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—*Memoirs of Baron de Kolli*, and the *Queen of Etruria*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*Guthrie on the Eye*, 8vo. 21*s.*—*Hemet's Abridgement of Sturm*, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—*Holden on Fall of Man*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*History of Moses*, 18mo. 3*s.*—*Bible Atlas*, 8vo. 12*s.* plain; 16*s.* col.—*Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society*, Vol. 4, Part 2, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary*, a new edit. revised by W. Dickinson, Esq. 8vo. 20*s.*—*Warner's Old Church of England Principles*, (new ed.) 3 vols. 12mo. 20*s.*—*Whittingham's French Classics*, vol. 2, 2*s.* 6*d.*—*Sketches of the Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*The Hermit Abroad*, 3 & 4, 12mo. 16*s.*—*Lizar's Views of Edinburgh*, No. 2, 4to. 5*s.*; Ind. proofs, 10*s.* 6*d.*—*The Rivers of England*, No. 1, royal 4to. 10*s.* Proofs 14*s.*—*Estimates of Household Expenses*, 12mo. 2*s.*—*Home's Comparative Anatomy*, Vols. 3 & 4, 4to.

£7.7*s.*; large paper, £10 10*s.*—*History of Alexander's Successors*, 2 vols. 12mo. 8*s.*—*Memoirs of Boys as they are*, 18mo. 2*s.*—*Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*—*Hooper's Memoirs of the Rev. W. Evans*, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—*Beauties of Dwight*, 4 vols. 18mo. 12*s.*—*Reason and Revelation*, 12mo. 4*s.*—*An Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with Christianity*, 8vo. 5*s.*—*Burgess' Three Catechisms*, 12mo. 6*s.*—*Lockhart's Idioms of the Greek Language*, 12mo. 3*s.*—*The British Essayists*, (new edit.) 38 vols. royal 18mo. £8 8*s.*—*Hunter's Memoirs of a Captivity among the North American Indians*, with a portrait, 8vo. 12*s.*—*The Fire Eater*, 12mo. 8*s.*—*Court of Oberon, or Temple of the Fairies*, 12mo. 6*s.* plain: 7*s.* 6*d.* col.—*Hooke's History of Rome*, (new edit.) 6 vols. 8vo.---£3 3*s.*---*Choice Pleasures for Youth*, 12mo 4*s.*---*Hirsch's Integral Tables*, 8vo 10*s.* 6*d.*---*Fellinger's Dictionary of Idioms*, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*---*Harris's Church Fellowship*, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*---*Zouch's Life of Walton*, small 12mo. 12*s.*; 8vo. 18*s.*---*Reid on Nervous Affections*, new edit. 8vo. 12*s.*

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*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Bonchamps on La Vendée; edited by the Countess de Genlis. Translated from the French.* 12mo. 5*s.*

Whoever has read the *Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejaquelin*, which appeared some years ago, cannot fail to feel an interest in this little publication, which contains the history of another Vendean heroine. Madame de Genlis, who has brought forward the French edition of these *Memoirs*, asserts that no romance exists whose perusal can be so attractive. This character is rather hyperbolic; for in fact the greater portion of the pages before us are occupied with details of military proceedings. The part which relates more particularly to the personal sufferings of Madame de Bonchamps certainly possesses a very deep interest. After the death of her husband she continued to follow the Royal army, with her two children, by the advice of Rochejaquelin; but being at last compelled to provide for her own safety, she wandered about the country disguised as a peasant and sustaining the extremity of hardship. When concealed in a barn, she and her little son were attacked by the small pox, which destroyed the boy, and before the mother was recovered, she and her daughter were forced to retreat into a hollow tree, where it was impossible to

lie down. In this most painful situation they remained some days, receiving a scanty pittance of bread and water from a neighbouring peasant. Being soon afterwards arrested, Madame de Bonchamps was condemned to death, but obtained her pardon through the interference of a Republican whose life had been saved by her husband. The Tribunal of Nantes not dispatching her pardon to her so soon as was expected, it was thought expedient to send her little daughter to demand it. The child was tutored accordingly, and approaching the Judges, exclaimed "Citizens! I come to beg the letters of pardon for Mamma." One of the Judges told her she should have them if she would sing a song. The innocent creature immediately sang the following chorus:—

"Vive, vive la Roi,  
A bas la République."

The Judges smiled, and granted the pardon. Several curious anecdotes, illustrative of the wretched times in which it was the lot of this brave woman to be placed, are contained in her Memoirs. The humanity which both she and her husband displayed towards the prisoners can never be sufficiently commended.

#### A MARE WITHOUT A FAULT.

"Who'll buy a Mare, a fellow cries,  
"Without a single fault?  
Not given to start (she never shies)  
To stumble or to halt."

A Cockney bought her for his bride,  
And soon was vex'd to find  
'Twas true indeed she never shied,  
Poor Creature! she was blind.

The man he found, and thus cried he,  
(He much with anger burn'd,)  
"You roguish knave! you've cheated me,  
The cash must be return'd."

"None in your mare a fault could spy,  
You said with mighty pother;  
Why, rogue, she's blind i' th' dexter eye,  
And cannot see with t'other."

"Sir, (said the man,) like you I scorn  
A falsehood to be caught in,  
That she's been blind since she's been born  
'S no fault, but her misfortin."

#### HEADS AND TAILS.

With open mouth, a surly cur  
A sergeant did attack;  
Who ran his pike, believe me, Sir,  
Right through his mouth and back.

'Sir,' cried the owner, 'valiant Sir,  
The blunt end might avail!  
'It should, good fellow, had your cur  
Attack'd me with his tail.'

#### BURKE'S METAPHORS.

Mr. Burke, above all men, figured in a mode of metaphorical expression. On the 7th of June, 1794, when speaking on the Begum charge, on the trial of Hastings, and describing the happy situations of the provinces of Oude, Benares, and Gorruckpore, before they were under Mr. Hastings's protection, used the following:—"He is worse than Satan, for he showed the kingdoms of the world to the great Author of our sacred religion, in order that he might enjoy them; but he (turning to the bar) gave the province of Hindostan into the possession of men appointed by himself for the purpose of destroying them." (Mr. Hastings at this expression lifted up his eyes and hands.) Again, when he spoke of the treasures deposited with the Begums, which Mr. Hastings seized, Mr. Burke said, "The prisoner at your bar, stepping beyond even the heathen mythology, was in his own opinion greater than Jove, who was esteemed the immortal god of the ancients; for Jove condescended to embrace a frail woman in a shower of gold; but Mr. Hastings paid more impressive adoration to the old Begums of Oude, for the purpose of seizing and stripping them of their gold! Here (said Mr. Burke) is the distinction between the Jove of the ancients and the Jove of the East-Indies. But your lordships' classical knowledge will convey to you that the first was fabulous, and I trust that evidence adduced will convince your lordships the last is real."—Mr. Burke, in his eulogium upon that extraordinary man, Mr. Charles Townshend, among other things said, "His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse; he hit the house just between wind and water."

THE GUERILLAS AND MIGUELETS.  
*Réminiscences de l'Espagne.* Paris,  
1 vol. 1823.

"The Guerilla (says the author) is chameleon and Protée to the last degree.—The herdsmen and shepherds, who

feed their flocks in apparent stupidity and listlessness, serve them as spies, and inform and advertise them by the notes of a whistle, which echoes and re-echoes from rock to rock. Entering the towns under cover of their impenetrable cloaks the Guerillas laugh and drink with the French, but are not for a moment unobservant. They ascertain all the plans of their enemy, the departure of convoys, of sick or wounded, of money or provision, of a courier or a detachment; and by the most able stratagems, they suddenly collect, fall on the booty, seize the money or the provisions, murder the escort, and disperse and disappear as rapidly as they assemble and attack: and when rewarded by the spoil, they leave the bodies of their foes and their dupes to the fowls of heaven.

"The labourer has his arms concealed in the handle of his spade or the stock of his plough—*qu'on y regarde bien!* The rock that appears immovable from its massive weight and colossal form, has its slips and its curtains; it turns on its axis, and makes a battery of blunderbusses. Sometimes two hundred Guerillas are flat on the earth behind the smallest ledge—you have no suspicion; in a moment a *pistolet* fired by the chief is the signal for a volley, and the men rush like Arabs on the astonished party, and massacre all they can seize, shouting the oath which is the energetic accompaniment of every Castillian enterprise, '*Caraco de Demonio!*'

"We surprised one day in the gorges of the Sierra Morena, two Guerillas sleeping under a rock which formed a vault over their heads. The beams of the moon fell on the countenances of these modern Endymions. What a subject for a painter! Their weapons, grasped by their murderous hands, still appeared menacing and destructive; on their breasts glittered the terrible *silvato*, or whistle of crystal; a *rosario* of granite mixed with precious stones; and finally, the horrible quadrangular stiletto. Alas! how much French blood had that steel already spilt! I remained, with five or six grenadiers, some minutes in contemplation. What muscles! what limbs! what energy,

even in repose! In a few moments they were handcuffed, and under a good escort in the centre of a column; but their eyes were still insolent and prophetic: 'You dare not kill us,' they seemed to say;—'*los umbrés*, the men are near us.'"

As an example of the vindictive cruelty of the Miguelets, the author reports the following fact:

"A young surgeon, accompanied by a colonel and his orderly, lost his way, and missed the convoy to which they belonged. They marched at random for some time among the rocks, and at length perceiving a village spire, the hope of finding a French post determined them to proceed in that direction. The village was abandoned, pillaged, and presented only the horrors of solitude and the disasters of war. The young surgeon ventured, however, to enter one of the wretched hovels that remained, and went even into the caves to see if wine or provisions were yet concealed; but what was his terror and anguish, when he beheld in these caves a frightful heap of bloody carcases! Seventeen Frenchmen, massacred the night before, or perhaps that very day, floating in their blood, and mutilated in almost every member of their bodies, the victims, doubtless, of some perfidious friend or some mysterious ambush. Unable to endure the spectacle, and renouncing all hopes of finding a single skin of wine, he was retiring from the cave, when all on a sudden a head, pale, livid, and streaming with a liquor like blood, thrust itself from a large tun! 'Ah, my dear officer!' cried an hussar, who had saved his life by concealing himself in a cask of wine, 'what miracle has brought you here to save me?' P'Empecinado had surprised the party and butchered all but this poor fellow, who in the tumult preserved presence of mind enough to jump into the precious liquor.

"The colonel, to avenge the seventeen murdered, set fire to the four corners of the village; but when the flames begun to crack and fly, thirty or forty Miguelets rushed from their concealment, and uttering horrid imprecations, discharged, with incredible rapidity, their blunderbusses on the incen-

diaries, already beyond the reach of their shot. No one was wounded; but had they unfortunately unbridled their horses, or entered any house to refresh themselves, they had all joined the manes of the seventeen who were slumbering in death in the sepulchral cave."

*New Russia. Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kiev, &c. &c. By Mary Holderness. 8vo. 10s.6d. London, 1823.*

We cannot forbear extracting the following account of a Saint whom Mrs. H. saw at the Monastery of Pestchersky.

#### ST. ANTONIO.

"In another place you are shewn the body, or rather the head and shoulders of a man stuck in the ground; in a vow of penance he dug a hole, in which he placed himself, standing with his hands by his sides, and then had the hole filled, so that only his head, and a little below the shoulders, could be seen: here he lived, (they say) fifteen years, having food and drink brought to him, and a lamp constantly burning by his side: they still allow him a lamp, which burns day and night continually, though he has been dead six or seven hundred years; this, however they can well afford to do, as he brings a considerable share of the riches of the Convent. The cap he wears is supposed to work miracles, and restore the sick: accordingly, hundreds come to visit St. Antonio, and wear his cap, which is frequently the undoubted means of restoring health, though not in the way that enthusiasm and credulity imagine, but by the simple process of being the cause of their taking unusual exercise in the open air, and exercising also a temperance not habitual to them. I should not omit to mention that St. Antonio is said to sink a little lower in the ground every year, and that the world is to be at an end by the time he entirely disappears. Amongst the wonders which they relate, this can scarcely be classed as the greatest; and if time, in his mighty changes, does not annihilate the monastery of Pestcherskey, St. Antonio will probably not disappear, while he continues so instrumental to the well-doing of his brethren.

*Quentin Durward, in French. 4 vols.*

This is the publication which sells best and is most generally read here at present. The French are enraptured with it—their national vanity is not a little pleased by the Great Unknown having travelled out of his own country, to illustrate with his genius a portion of their history. They, however, complain of his being somewhat of an Ultra, and of having drawn with rather too aristocratical a pencil the portraits of the turbulent burghers of Liege. They have also discovered, that the author has not studied with sufficient attention the geography of plants, or he would not have talked of groves of olives about Tours, within several hundred miles of which no olive-tree was ever seen, unless in a hot-house. His gastronomical erudition is also a little at fault; as, in describing a modern French dinner, in the Introduction, he makes a distinction between *la soupe* and *le potage*, as if they were not two words for the same thing,—the latter is brought in after the *bouilli*! The Great Unknown may have "swum in a gondola," but he certainly never could have dined at Very's, or even at a modest restaurateur's at 32 sous, and commit such an *un-gourmand*-like error as this.—*Paris Journal*

#### LIFE INSURANCE.

In a storm, one night,  
When all was fright  
'Mongst the passengers and crew,  
An Irish clown  
Like a block sate down,  
And seem'd as senseless too.  
Conduct like this  
Was much amiss,  
And not to be endur'd;  
But when ask'd why,  
He made reply—  
"Good folks, my life's insur'd."

#### THE KING OF ORGANS.

The noble organ in York Minster has been recently completed. It is said to be the largest and most complete organ in Great Britain. The total number of stops is 52—pipes 3254. There are three sets of keys, viz.—one for the great nave organ—one for the choir organ—and one for the swell, exclusive of pedals. There are movements for enabling the performer to play two or three sets of keys at once, or to detach the great and choir organs, with the pedals, in addition to the pedal pipes. The Haarlem organ, which is the largest in Europe, contains 60 stops.